

THE PROPERTY OF THE
HOME DEPT.
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

THE
+X
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

(4)

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THE
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PLAYS AND POEMS
FOR THE
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WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE PROPERTY OF THE
HOME DEPT.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

CONTAINING

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

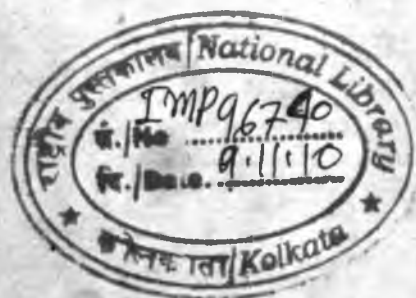
M A C B E T H.

K I N G J O H N.

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M DCC XC.



TWELFTH-NIGHT:

: OR, :

WHAT YOU WILL.

VOL. IV.

B

Persons Represented.

Orsino, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A sea-captain, friend to Viola.

Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

Curio, }

Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Malvolio, *steward to Olivia.*

Fabian, } *servants to Olivia.*

Clown, }

Olivia, *a rich countess.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, &c. &c. &c.
Attendants.

SCENE, *a city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.*

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T W E L F T H - N I G H T

OR,
WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Duke's Palace. •

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:

There is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 15, 1596, that there was a version of "Epitomes des cent Histoires Tragiques, partie extraictes des actes des Romains, et autres, &c." Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comick scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth-Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, at the end of Act III. sc. vi. where he makes Mitis say, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting-maid: some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving-man, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1614. If however the foregoing passage was levelled at *Twelfth-Night*, my speculation falls to the ground. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

4 . TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,²
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical³.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart⁴;

And

² O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. [Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, b. iv.
has very successfully introduced the same image:

“ — now gentle gales,
“ Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
“ Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
“ Those balmy spoils.”

The old copy reads—sweet *south*, which Mr. Rowe changed into
wind, and Mr. Pope into *south*. STEVENS.

Here Shakspeare makes the south steal odour from the violet. In
his 99th *Sonnet*, the violet is made the thief:

“ The forward violet thus did I chide:
“ Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
“ If not from my love's breath?” MALONE.

³ Of what validity and pitch soever,] *Validity* is here used for *value*.
See Vol. III. p. 471, n. 3. MALONE.

⁴ That it alone is high-fantastical.] *High-fantastical*, means no more
than *fantastical* to the height. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“ My high-repented blames

“ Dear sovereign, pardon me.” STEVENS.

⁵ That instant was I turn'd into a hart;] This image evidently alludes
to the story of Acteon, by which Shakspeare seems to think men cau-
tioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon,
who

WHAT YOU WILL.

5

And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. — How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat⁶,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft⁷
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections⁸ else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections⁹,) with one self-king¹! —

Away

who saw Diana naked, and was torn in pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by shewing, that those who know that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The element itself, till seven years heat,*] Heat for heated. The air, till it shall have been warmed by seven revolutions of the sun, shall not &c. So, in *King John*:

“The iron of itself, though *beat* red hot—.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“— And this report

“Hath so *exasperate* the king—.” MALONE,

⁷ *How will she love, when the rich golden shaft—*] So, Milton, *Par. Lost*, B. iv:

“Here Love his golden shafts employs—.” MALONE.

⁸ — *the flock of all affections—*] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*:

“— has the flock of unspeakable virtues.” STEVENS.

⁹ *Her sweet perfections,—*] Liver, brain, and heart, are admitted in poetry as the residence of *passions*, *judgment*, and *sentiments*. These are

6 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA², Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and this poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

what Shakspeare calls, *her sweet perfections*, though he has not very clearly expressed what he might design to have said. STEEVENS.

¹ — *with one self-king!*] Thus the original copy. The editor of the second folio, who in many instances appears to have been equally ignorant of our author's language and metre, reads—*self-same king*; a reading, which all the subsequent editors have adopted. The verse is not defective. *Perfections* is here used as a quadrisyllable. So, in a subsequent scene:

“ Methinks I feel this youth's *perfections*—.”

Self-king means *self-same king*; one and the same king. So, in *King Richard II.*:

“ ——— that *self-mould* that fashioned thee,

“ Made him a man.” MALONE.

² *Enter Viola.*] *Viola* is the name of a lady in the fifth book of *Gower de Confeffione Amantis*. STEEVENS.

³ — *and this poor number sav'd with you.*] The old copy has—*and those poor number*— For the present emendation I am answerable. The sailors who were saved, enter with the captain. MALONE.

Vio.

WHAT YOU WILL,

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
 Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
 Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
 The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
 Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name⁴.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
 He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
 For but a month ago I went from hence;
 And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
 What great ones do, the less will prattle of,
 That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
 That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving her
 In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love,
~~That~~ she hath abjur'd the fight
 And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady,
 And might not be deliver'd to the world,
 Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
 What my estate is⁵!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
 Because she will admit no kind of suit,
 No, not the duke's.

⁴ *A noble duke in nature, as in name.*] I know not whether the nobility of the name is comprised in *duke*, or in *Orsino*, which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family. JOHNSON.

⁵ *And might not be deliver'd to the world, &c.*] I wish I might not be made publick to the world, with regard to the *state* of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design.

Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation: she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast, hears that the prince is a bachelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts, JOHNSON.

8 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent: I'll serve this duke⁶;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [Exeunt,

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to ~~send~~ the
death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to
life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier
o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions
to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

⁶ — I'll serve this duke;] *Viola* is an excellent schemer, never at a
loss; if she cannot serve the lady, she will serve the duke. JOHNSON.

⁷ That will allow me—] To allow is to approve. So, in *King Lear*:

"—— if your sweet sway

"Allow obedience"— STEEVENS.

⁸ — care's an enemy to life.] Alluding to the old proverb, *Care will
kill a cat.* STEEVENS.

⁹ — let her except before excepted.] A ludicrous use of the formal
law-phrase. FARMER.

It is the usual language of leases: "To have and to hold the said
demised premises &c. with their and every of their rights, members &c.
(except before excepted)." MALONE.

Mar.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man¹ as any's in Illyria..

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo², and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural³: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath a gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink

¹ — as tall a man—] *Tall* means *stout, courageous*. STEEVENS.
See Vol. I. p. 214, n. 4; and p. 228, n. 9. MALONE.

² — *viol-de-gambo*,] The *viol-de-gambo* seems, in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable instrument. In *The Return from Par-nassus*, 1606, it is mentioned, with its proper derivation:

“ Her *viol-de-gambo* is her best content,

“ For 'twixt her legs she holds her instrument.” COLLINS.

³ He hath, indeed,—almost natural:] Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently:

He hath indeed, all, most natural. MALONE.

to her, as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coysril⁴, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top⁵. What, wench? Castilano vulgo⁶; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, fir Andrew, accost⁷.

4 — and a coysril,] A *coysril* is a paltry groom, only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. So, in Holinshed's Description of England, Vol. I. p. 162: *Cofferels* or bearers of the arms of barons, or knights: Vol. III. p. 272. — "women, lackies, and *coislerels* are considered as the unwarlike attendants on an army." For its etymology, see *coufille* and *coufiliier* in Cotgrave's Dictionary. TOLLET.

A *coysrel* or *coysril* is properly the servant of a man at arms, or life-guard of a prince. Each of the life-guards of Henry VIII. had a coysrel that attended upon him. Hence it came to signify a low mean man. MALONE.

5 — like a parish-top.] This is one of the customs now laid aside. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work. STEEVENS.

"To sleep like a *town-top*," is a proverbial expression. A top is said to *sleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise. BLACKSTONE.

6 — *Castiliano vulgo*;] We should read—*volto*. In English, put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks.

WARBURTON.

I meet with the word *Castilian* and *Castilians* in several of the old comedies. It is difficult to assign any peculiar propriety to it, unless it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciously expressive of jollity or contempt. *The host*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, calls Caius a *Castilian-king Urinal*; and in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, one of the characters says, "Ha! my *Castilian* dialogues!" In an old comedy called *Look about you*, 1600, it is joined with another taper's exclamation very frequent in Shakspeare:

"And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Castile* too."

So again, in Heywood's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Hey, *Rivo Castiliano*, man's a man." STEEVENS.

7 Accost, fir Andrew, accost.] To accost, had a signification in our author's time that the word now seems to have lost. In the second part of *The English Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, in which the reader "who

is

WHAT YOU WILL.

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Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: is, front her, board her⁸, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again; Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

is desirous of a more refined and elegant speech," is furnished with *bard* words, "*to draw near*," is explained thus: "To *accost*, appropriate, appropinquate." See also Cotgrave's Dict. in *v. accoster*. MALONE.

⁸ — board *her*,] Dr. Johnson observes in his Dictionary, that one of the senses of *to board* is, to attack, or make the first attempt upon a person; — *aborder quelqu'un*. In the common French Dictionaries, "*aborder une femme*," is translated "to board a woman, to pick her up." To *board*, as it is explained by Dr. Johnson, is evidently derived as Mr. Steevens has observed, from the original naval term. Our author is frequent in this use of the word. "I would, he had *boarded* me," says Beatrice; and Mrs. Page uses the same expression. Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"And *boarded* her in the wanton way of youth." MALONE.

⁹ *It's dry, sir.*] She may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution. JOHNSON.

The Chief Justice in the second part of *King Henry IV.* enumerates a *dry band* among the characteristics of debility and age. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Charmian says: "—if an *oily palm* be not a *fruitful prognostication*, I cannot scratch mine ear." These passages serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's supposition. STEEVENS.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongue, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my head?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

* — it will not curl by nature.] The old copy reads—cool my nature. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take ~~well~~, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go

to

² — and yet I will not compare with an old man.] *Ague-cheek*, though willing enough to arrogate to himself such experience as is commonly the acquisition of age, is yet careful to exempt his person from being compared with its bodily weakness. In short, he would say with Falstaff,—"I am old in nothing but my understanding." STEEVENS.

³ — mistress Mall's picture.] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which she was generally known, was *Moll Cut-purse*. She was ~~not~~ an *hermapbrodite*, a prostitute, a lawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered—"A booke called the Madde Francks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her walks in man's apparel, and to what purpose. Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine. The title of this piece is—*The Roaring Girl, or, Moll Cut-purse; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his players*, 1611. The frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smoaking tobacco. As this extraordinary personage appears to have partaken of both sexes, the curtain which *Sir Toby* mentions, would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteristic. STEEVENS.

In our author's time, I believe, curtains were frequently hung before pictures of any value. So, in Webster's *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"I yet but draw the curtain;—now to your picture."

Mary Frith was born in 1584, and died in 1659.—In a MS. letter in the British Museum, from John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, dated February 11, 1611—12, the following account is given of this woman's doing

to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace⁴. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock⁵. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir T. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart⁶.

Sir To. No, fir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

doing penance: "This last Sunday *Moll Cut-purse*, a notorious baggage, that used to go in men's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place, [St. Paul's Cross,] where she wept bitterly, and seem'd very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack, before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghastly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of Brazen-nose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest hurried rather to hear *Moll Cut-purse*, than him." MALONE.

⁴ — a *sink-a-pace*.] i. e. a *cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elsewhere in our author. *SIR J. HAWKINS.*

⁵ — flame colour'd stock.] The old copy reads—a dam'd colour'd stock. *Stockings* were in Shakspeare's time called *stocks*. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"—or would my silk stock should lose his gloss else." STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁶ Taurus? *that's sides and heart.*] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations.

JOHNSON.

SCENE

WHAT YOU WILL.

15

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's clothes.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you, but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there, thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofit return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; What then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years,

That

That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and found,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady:—yet, [*aside.*] a barrful strife!
Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

S C E N E V.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see me to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of; I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

¹ — a woman's part.] That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then personated by boys. JOHNSON.

² — a barrful strife!] i. e. a contest full of impediments. STEEV.

³ — fear no colours.] This expression frequently occurs in the old plays. STEEVENS.

⁴ — lenten answer:] A lean, or as we now call it, a dry answer. JOHNSON.

Mar.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away², is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. May a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out³.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break⁴, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a member of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA, and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit⁵.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? ~~take away~~ the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna⁵, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is

² — or, to be turn'd away.] The editor of the second folio omitted the word *so*, in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

³ — and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.] It is common for unsettled and vagrant serving-men, to grow negligent of their business towards summer; and the sense of the passage is: *If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support all the inconveniences of dismissal; for I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.* STEVENS.

⁴ — if one break,] Points were laces with metal tags, by which the trunk hose, or breeches, were fastened to the doublet. MALONE.

⁵ — Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.] Hall, in his *Chronicle*, speaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, says, "that he knows not whether to call him a foolish wise man, or a wise foolish man." JOHNSON.

⁵ — Madonna,] Ital. mistress, dame. So, *La Maddona*, by way of pre-eminence, the Blessed Virgin. STEVENS.

the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd⁶: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; for text I not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but fidelity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cuculus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I am not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell,* Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

⁶ — Any thing, that's mended, is but patched:] Alluding to the patch'd or particoloured garment of the fool. MALONE.

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and mock him every occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I would not have these wife men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

O. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite: to be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bait that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in my saying that you are a fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no flattery in my calling him a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury induce thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. What of his people hold him in delay?

Mar. Stand by, madam, your husband.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak pate!

Now Mercury induce thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools! [*Now Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools.*]

JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—with learning. MALONE.

—here he comes,—] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors have omitted the word *be*. MALONE.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half d'unk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here⁹—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Glo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early, by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat¹ makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's got the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, Madam; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

⁹ 'Tis a gentleman here—] Sir Toby was going to describe the gentleman, but is interrupted by the effects of his pickle-herring. STEEV.

¹ —above heat—] i. e. above the state of being warm in a proper degree. STEEVENS.

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Mal



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WHAT YOU WILL. 21

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post², and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. Of what kind of man is he?

Mal. Of man kind.

Oli. Of what manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a fountain is before 'tis a peascod, or a codfish, then 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing between boy and man. He is very well-learned, and he speaks very shrewdly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orfino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The best lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, —I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house,

² — stand at your door like a sheriff's post,] It was the custom for that officer to have large posts set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other publick Acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication. So, Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

" ————— put off

" To the lord Chancellor's tomb, or the *sheriff's post*."

WARBURTON.

Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that " by this post is meant a post to mount his horse from, a horseblock, which, by the custom of the city, is still placed at the sheriff's door." STEEVENS.

³ — 'tis with him e'en standing water,] The old copy has — in. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In the first folio *e'en* and *in* are very frequently confounded. See Vol. III. p. 373, n. 9. MALONE.

for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comf⁴table, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, at that question's out of my part. Good gentle one; give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, if at I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Am I the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more need to be feign'd: if you keep it in. I heard, you were faucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

* — *I am very comfible,*] Viola begs she may not be treated with scorn, because she is very submissive, even to lighter marks of reprehension. STEEVENS.

§ — *skipping a dialogue.*] Wild, frolick, mad. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"The skipping king, he ambled up and down," &c. STEEVENS.
Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

" ——— take pain

"To allay with some cold drops of modesty,

"Thy skipping spirit." MALONE.

Vio.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here ⁶ a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant ⁷, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. you who you have some hideous matter to deliver, wheed and artifice of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter. •

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

⁶ — I am to hull here.] To hull means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. STEEVENS.

⁷ Some mollification for your giant,] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant. JOHNSON.

Viola likewise alludes to the diminutive size of *Maria*, who is called on subsequent occasions, *little villain*, *youngest wren of nine*, &c.

STEEVENS.

So Falstaff to his page: "Sirrah, you giant, &c." *King Henry IV.* P. II. A & I. MALONE.

⁸ Tell me your mind.] These words, which in the old copy make part of *Viola's* last speech, were rightly attributed to *Olivia* by Dr. Warburton. MALONE.

Mind signifies either *business* or *inclination*. *Viola*, taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word, replies as if *Olivia* had used it in the latter sense. WARBURTON.

As a messenger, she was not to speak her own mind, but that of her employer. MALONE.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of yr text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand lay'd on: Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd to my will:

[Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done?] She says, I was this present, instead of saying I am; because she had once shewn herself, and personated the beholder, who is afterwards to make the relation. STEEVENS.

I suspect the author intended that Olivia should again cover her face with her veil, before she speaks these words. (12.)

'Tis beauty truly blent i. e. blended, mixed together. *Blent* is the antient participle of the verb to *blend*. STEEVENS.

If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy. Shakspeare has copied himself in his 11th sonnet:

"She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
"Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die."

Again, in the 3d sonnet:

"Die single, and thine image dies with thee." STEEVENS.

Again, in his 9th sonnet:

"Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
"The world will wail thee like a makeless wife;
"The world will be thy widow, and still weep
"That thou no form of thee hast left behind."

Again, in the 13th sonnet:

"O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
"No longer yours than you yourself here live:
"Against this coming end you should prepare,
"And your sweet semblance to some other give."

as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me'?

Vio. Kite you what you are: you are too proud;
But if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

O, how does he love me?

With adoration's fertile tears⁴,
Which groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire⁵.

Vio. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd⁶, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

³ — to 'praise me?'] i. e. to appraise, or estimate me. The foregoing words, *sebe*, *et*, and *inventoried*, *thine*, I think, that this is the meaning. So *As You Like It*, *Imbeline*: "I could then have looked on him without the least admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *items*."

MALONE.

⁴ *With adoration's fertile tears,*] *Tears* is here used as a disyllable, like *fire*, *hour*, *swear*, &c. See Vol. II. p. 269, n. 3; and p. 379, n. 2. Mr. Pope, to supply a supposed defect in the metre, reads—

With adorations, *with* fertile tears,—

which the subsequent editors have adopted. MALONE.

⁵ *With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.*] This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzor*, and, if not said in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a passage in Chapman's translation of the first book of *HOMER*, 1598:

"Jove thunder'd out a sigh;"

or, on another, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:

"The winds of my deepe sighes

"That thunder still for noughts, &c." STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"O that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly!" MALONE.

Well divulg'd,] Well spoken of by the world. MALONE.

In

In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,⁷
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,⁸
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post⁹, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's,
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair creature.

[Exit,

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art;

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

⁷ Write loyal cantons of contemned love,] The old copy has—*cantons*; which Mr. Capell, who appears to have been entirely unacquainted with our ancient language, has changed into *canzons*.—There is no need of alteration. *Canton* was used for *canto* in our author's time. So, in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605: "What-do-you-call-him has it there in his third *canton*." Again, in Heywood's Preface to *Britannia's Troy*, 1609: "—in the judicial perusal of these few *cantons*," &c.

MALONE.

⁸ Holla your name to the reverberate hills,] Mr. Upton well observes, that Shakspeare frequently uses the adjective passive, *active*. STEEV.

⁹ I am no fee'd post,] *Post*, in our author's time, signified a messenger. MALONE.

WHAT YOU WILL.

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Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast;—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man¹.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
He thinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, no, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Canst thou after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man, he left this ring behind him,
Wouldst thou or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord²,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Aye thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind⁴.
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so!

[*Exit.*

¹ *soft! soft!*
[*Unless the master were the man.*] Unless the dignity of the master
were added to the *soft* of the servant, I should go too far, and disgrace
myself. Let me stop in time. MALONE.

² *The county's man:* County and count in old language were synony-
mous. See Vol. III. p. 13, n. 4. The old copy has *countess*, which
may be right: the Saxon genitive case. MALONE.

³ *—to flatter with his lord,*] This was the phraseology of the time.
So, in *King Richard II.*

"Shall dying men flatter with those that live?"

Many more instances might be added. MALONE.

⁴ *Mine eye &c.*] I believe the meaning is, I am not mistress of my
own actions; I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and flatter the youth
without my consent, with discoveries of love. JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is, I fear that my eyes will seduce my under-
standing; that I am indulging a passion for this beautiful youth, which
my reason cannot approve. MALONE.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Sea-coast.**Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you rest, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, dis Temper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself: You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline⁶, whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour; If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so excell'd but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before he took me from the breach of the sea, with my sister dropt in.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder⁷, over-far be-

⁵ — to express myself:] That is, to reveal myself. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Messaline*,] Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciously offers to read *Meselin*, an island in the Archipelago; but Shakspeare knew little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety. The same mistake occurs in the concluding scene of the play:

“Of *Messaline*; Sebastian was my father.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — with such estimable wonder,] Shakspeare often confounds the active and passive adjectives. *Estimable wonder* is *esteeming wonder*, or *wonder and esteem*. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister. JOHNSON.

So Milton uses *unexpressive* notes, for *unexpressible*, in his hymn on the Nativity. MALONE.

WHAT YOU WILL.

lieve that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, the bore
 mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd
 already, fir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her
 remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, fir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be
 your servant.

Seb. You will not undo what you have done, that is,
 kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare
 ye well anon: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am
 yet so near the manners of my mother^s, that upon the
 least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I
 am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!—
 I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
 Else would I very shortly see thee there:
 But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
 That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, fir, on a moderate pace I have since
 arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, fir; you might have
 saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She
 adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a des-
 perate assurance she will none of him: And one thing
 more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his
 affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this.
 Receive it so.

^s — I am yet so near the manners of my mother,] So, in another of
 our author's plays:

“And all my mother came into my eyes.” MALONE.

⁹ Receive it so.] One of the modern editors reads, with some prob-
 ability, receive it, fir. But the present reading is sufficiently intelli-

gible. MALONE.

Vio.

Vio. She took the ring of me! I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed so much,
'That, sure', methought her eyes had lost her tongue

For

* *She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it.* This passage has been hitherto thus pointed:—She took the ring of me, I'll none of it; which renders it, as it appears to me, quite unintelligible. The punctuation now adopted was suggested by an ingenious friend, and certainly renders the line less exceptionable: yet I cannot but think there is some corruption in the text. Had our author intended such a mode of speech, he would probably have written—

She took a ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Malvolio's answer seems to intimate that Viola had said she had not given any ring. We ought therefore, perhaps, to read,

She took no ring of me;—I'll none of it.

So afterwards: "I left no ring with her." Viola expressly denies her having given Olivia any ring. How then can she assert, as she is made to do by the old regulation of the passage, that the lady had received one from her?

Since I wrote the *Review*, it has occurred to me that the latter part of the line may have been corrupt, as well as the former: our author might have written—

She took *this* ring of me! *She'll* none of it!

So before: "—he left *this* ring;—tell him, I'll none of it." And afterwards: "None of my lord's ring!"—Viola may be supposed to repeat the substance of what Malvolio has said. Our author is seldom studious on such occasions to use the very words he had before employed. MALONE.

* *That, sure,] Sure*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added, to complete the metre, by the editor of the second folio. The author of *Remarks &c. on the text and notes of the last edition of Shakspeare*, very confidently asserts, that the word was added by our author. He speaks as if he had been at Shakspeare's elbow; and this same addition must have been made by the old bard sixteen years after his death. But not to dwell upon such trifles, I shall only observe, that whoever shall take the trouble to compare the second folio with the first, will find proofs amounting almost to demonstration that all the additions, alterations, &c. which are found in the second folio, were made without any authority whatsoever. *Sure* in the present instance is not very likely to have been the word omitted in the first copy, being found in the next line but one. MALONE.

3 — *her eyes had lost her tongue,]* We say a man loses his company when

WHAT, YOU WILL.

31

For she did speak in starts distractedly.
 She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
 I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,)
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant enemy⁴ does much.
 How easy is it, for the proper-false
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms⁵!

Alas,

when they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia's tongue lost her eyes; her tongue was talking of the duke, and her eyes gazing on his messenger. JOHNSON.

4 — *the pregnant enemy*—] Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.

Pregnant is certainly *dexterous*, or *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"How *pregnant* sometimes his replies are!" STEEVENS.

5 *How easy is it, for the proper-false*

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!] Viola has been condemning those who disguise themselves, because Olivia had fallen in love with a specious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once *proper*, (i. e. fair in their appearance,) and *false*, (i. e. deceitful,) to make an impression on the hearts of women?—The *proper-false* is certainly a less elegant expression than the *fair deceiver*, but seems to mean the same thing. A *proper man* was the ancient phrase for a handsome man.

"This Ludovico is a *proper man*." *Otello*.

To *set their forms* means, to plant their images, i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds. Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in this interpretation. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—men have marble, *women waxen minds*,

"And therefore are they form'd as marble will;

"The weak oppress'd, the *impression of strange kinds*

"Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:

"Then call them not the authors of their ill—"

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Nay, call us ten times frail,

"For we are *soft* as our complexions are,

"And credulous to *false prints*." MALONE.

Viola's reflection, how easy it was for those who are handsome to make an impression on the waxen hearts of women, is a natural sentiment for a girl to utter, who was herself in love.—An expression similar

32 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Alas, our frailty ⁶ is the cause, not we;
 For, such as we are made of, such we be.
 How will this sadge ⁷? My master loves her dearly;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman, now alas the day!
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere* *, thou know'st,—

far to that of "proper-false" occurs afterwards in this very play, when Antonio says,

Virtue is beauty, but the *beauteous-evil*
 Are empty trunks, 'er-flourish'd by the devil. MASON.

⁶ *Alas, our frailty*— The old copy has *O frailty*. The emendation was made by the editor of the 4th folio. MALONE.

⁷ *For such as we are made of, such we be.* The old copy reads—*made if*. The very happy emendation now adopted, was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt. So, in the *Tempest* (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's):
 "———— we are such stuff"

"As dreams are made of."

Of and *if* are frequently confounded in the old copies. Thus in the folio, 1632, *King John*, p. 6: "Lord of our presence, Angiers, and *if* you." [instead of—*of* you.]

Again, *of* is printed instead of *if*. *Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

"Mine own I would say, but, *of* mine, then yours."

In *As you like it* we have a line constructed nearly like the present, as now corrected:

"Who such a one as she, such is her neighbour." MALONE.

⁸ *How will this sadge?*] *To sadge* is to suit, to fit. So, in *Master Bombie*, 1594: "All this *sodges* well." STEEVENS.
 See Vol. II. p. 397, n. 2. MALONE.

* —*diluculo surgere*,] *saluberrimum est*. This adage our author found in Lilly's Grammar, p. 51. MALONE.

Sir

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a sloop¹ of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clown. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three²?

Sir To. Welcome, afs. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast³. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and

¹ *Do not our lives consist of the four elements?*] So, in our author's 45th sonnet;

"My life being made of four, with two alone

"Sinks down to death, &c."

So also, in *King Henry V*: "He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." MALONE.

² — a sloop—] *Sloop*, *cadus*, a *prop'a*, Belgis sloop. Ray's Proverbs, p. 111. In *Hexham's Low Dutch Dictionary*, 1660, a *gallon* is explained by *een kanne en twee sloopen*.⁴ A *sloop*, however, seems to have been something more than half a gallon. In a catalogue of the rarities of the Anatomy-Hall at Leyden, printed there, quarto, 1701, is "The bladder of a man containing four *sloop*, (which is something above two English gallons) of water." REED.

³ — the picture of we three?] I believe Shakspeare had in his thoughts a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited, with this inscription under it: "*We three loggerheads be*." The spectator or reader is supposed to make the third. The clown means to insinuate, that *Sir Toby* and *Sir Andrew* had as good a title to the name of fool as himself. MALONE.

⁴ *By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast*] *Breast*, is *voice*. So, in the Statutes of Stoke College, founded by Archbishop Parker, 1536, *Stykes Parker*, p. 9—"Which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed, &c. that is, after their voices are broken. T. WARTON.

Again in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"Boy, sing aloud, make heaven's vault to ring

"With thy *breast's* strength." MALONE.

so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman⁴; Had'st it?

Clown. I did impetico thy gratillity⁵; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all's done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

4 — for thy leman;] The old copy has *leman*. The emendation, if it may be called so, was made by Mr. Theobald. *Leman* was frequently spelt *lemmon* in our author's time. So, in a *Looking Glass for London and England*, a play by T. Lodge and R. Greene:

“Venus' Lemmon arm'd in all his power.” MALONE.

The money was given him for his *leman*, i. e. his mistress. STEEV. 5 I did impetico thy gratillity;] This, Sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the same with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right; but we must read: I did impeticoat thy gratuity. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the allusion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Figure 12 in the plate of the *Morris-dances*, at the end of *King Henry IV.* P. II. sufficiently proves that *petticoats* were not always a part of the dress of *fools* or *jesters*, though they were of ideots, for a reason which I avoid to offer.

He says he did *impeticoat* the gratuity, i. e. he gave it to his *petticoat* companion; for (says he) *Malvolio's nose is no whipstock*, i. e. Malvolio may smell out our connection, but his suspicion will not prove the instrument of our punishment. *My mistress has a white hand*, and *the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses*, i. e. my mistress is handsome, but the houses kept by officers of justice, are no places to make merriment and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this whimsical speech. A *whipstock* is, I believe, the handle of a whip round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the *whip* itself. STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, I did *impeticoat* or *impocket* thy gratuity; but the reading of the old copy should not, in my opinion, be here disturbed. The clown uses the same kind of fantastick language elsewhere in this scene. Neither *Pigrogromitus*, nor the *Vapians* could object to it. MALONE.

Clown.

WHAT YOU WILL.

35

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

S O N G.

Clown. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming;
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clown. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty⁶;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty⁷;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

[—of good life?] I do not suppose that by a song of *good life*, the Clown means a song of a moral turn; though sir Andrew answers to it in that signification. *Good life*, I believe, is *harmless mirth* or *jollity*. It may be a Gallicism: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*. STEEV.

From the opposition of the words in the Clown's question, I incline to think that *good life* is here used in its usual acceptation. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* these words are used for a *virtuous character*:
“Defend your reputation, or farewell to your *good life* for ever.”

MALONE.

⁶ *In delay there lies no plenty*;] *Delay* is certainly right. No man will ever be worth much, who *delays* the advantages offered by the present hour, in hopes that the future will offer more. So, in *King Richard III.* AQ IV. sc. iii:

“*Delay* leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty*,] In some counties *sweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Wife of a Woman*, 1604:

“*Sweet and twenty*: all sweet and sweet.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1632:

“God ye good night, and *twenty*, sir.”

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“Good even, and *twenty*.” MALONE.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance⁸ indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver⁹? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave*.

Clown. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight¹.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

⁸ — *make the welkin dance*—] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *draw three souls out of one weaver*—] Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. [See *K. Henry IV.* Act II. sc. iv.] This expression of the power of musick is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing*: "Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep's-guns should hale souls out of men's bodies?" Why he says, *three souls*, is, because he is speaking of a catch in three parts. And the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls: the *vegetative* or *plastic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. To this, too, Jonson alludes, in his *Poetaster*: "*What, will I turn shark upon my friends? or my friends' friends? I scorn it with my three souls.*" WARBURTON.

In a popular book of the time, Carew's translation of Huarte's *Trial of Wits*, 1594, there is a curious chapter concerning the *three souls*, "*vegetative, sensitive, and reasonable.*" FARMER.

I doubt whether our author intended any allusion to this division of souls. In the *Tempest* we have—"trebles thee o'er;" i. e. makes thee thrice as great as thou wert before. In the same manner, I believe, he here only means to describe sir Toby's catch as so harmonious, that it would hale the soul out of a weaver (the warmest lover of a song) *thrice over*; or in other words, give him thrice more delight than it would give another man. Dr. Warburton's supposition that there is an allusion to the catch being in *three parts*, appears to me one of his unfounded refinements. MALONE.

¹ — *to call thee knave, knight*.] The catch above mentioned to be sung by sir Toby, sir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the singers calls the other knave. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Clown.

WHAT YOU WILL.

37

Clown. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith! come, begin. [*They sing a catch*].

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian², we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsy⁴, and *Three merry men be we*⁵. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood?

² *They sing a catch.*] We are informed by Sir John Hawkins that this catch, beginning *Hold thy peace*, together with the musical notes, is preserved in a book, entitled *DIUTEROMELIA*, printed in 1609.

MALONE.

³ — *a Cataian*,] Mr. Steevens observes, that it is in vain to seek the precise meaning of this term of reproach. The dissenting opinions of the commentators concerning its import may be found in Vol. I. p. 225, n. 1. Whatever was the origin of the expression, it probably was used, in process of time, as a vague term of reproach, without any determinate meaning. MALONE.

⁴ — *Peg-a-Ramsy*,] In *Dursey's Pills to purge Melancholy* is a very obscene old song, entitled *Peg-a-Ramsy*. See also Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*, p. 207. PERCY.

Nash mentions *Peg of Ramsy* among several other ballads. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the music of a song of that name. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *Three merry men &c.*] *Three merry men be we*, is likewise a fragment of some old song, which I find repeated in *Westward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, and by B. and Fletcher in *The Knights of the Burning Pestle*:

“ Three merry men

“ And three merry men

“ And *three merry men be we*.” STEEVENS.

Three merry men be we, may, perhaps, have been taken originally from the song of *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. *Old Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 89:

“ Then *Robin Hood* took them by the hands,

“ *With a hey &c.*

“ And danced about the oak-tree;

“ For *three merry men*, and *three merry men*,

“ And *three merry men be we*.” TYRWHITT.

But perhaps the following in the *Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595, may have been the original. *Anticbe*, one of the characters,

“ Let us rehearse the old proverb,

“ *Three merrie men*, and *three merrie men*,

“ And *three merrie men be we*;

“ I in the wood, and thou on the ground,

“ And *Jack* sleeps in the tree.” STEEVENS.

D 3

Tilly-valley,

38 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Tilly-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady,*
lady!⁶ [Singing.

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed,
and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do
it more natural.

Sir To. O, *the twelfth day of December*. — [Singing.
Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you?
Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble
like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-
house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'
catches⁷ without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is
there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Mal.

⁶ *Tilly-valley, lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* The
ballad of SUSANNA, from whence this line [*There dwelt &c.*] is taken,
was licensed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of "The goodly
and constant wyfe Susanna." There is likewise a play on this subject,
T. WARTON.

Tilly-valley was an interjection of contempt which Sir Thomas
More's lady is reported to have had very often in her mouth. JOHNSON.

Tilly-valley is used as an interjection of contempt in the old play of
Sir John Oldcastle, and is likewise a character in a comedy, entitled
Lady Alimony. STEEVENS.

Maria's use of the word *lady* brings the ballad to Sir Toby's remem-
brance. *Lady, lady*, is the *burthen*, and should be printed as such. My
very ingenious friend, Dr. Percy, has given a stanza of it in his *Reliques*
of *Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 204. Just the same may be said, where
Mercutio applies it, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. FARMER.

The oldest song that I have seen with this burthen is in the old Mo-
rality, entitled *The Trial of Treasure*, quarto, 1567. The following is
one of the stanzas:

" Helene may not compared be,
" Nor Cressida that was so bright,
" These cannot stain the shine of thee,
" Nor yet Minerva of great might;
" Thou passest Venus far away,

" *Lady, lady;*

" Love thee I will, both night and day,
" My dere lady."

⁷ — coziers' catches—] A cozier is a taylor, from *coudre* to sew,
part. *coufus*, French. JOHNSON.

WHAT YOU WILL.

39

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!¹

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone².

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clown. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[Singing.]

Clown. What an if you do?

Our author has again alluded to their love of vocal harmony in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "*Lady.* I will not sing. Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher."

A *cozier*, it appears from Minshieu, signified a *botcher*, or mender of old clothes, and also a cobbler.—Here it means the former. MALONE.

¹ *Sneek up!*] Of this cant phrase it is not easy to ascertain the meaning. It occurs in many of the old comedies. From the manner in which it is used in all of them, it seems to have been synonymous to the modern expression, *Go and bang yourself*. MALONE.

The modern editors seem to have regarded this unintelligible expression as the designation of a *biccup*. It is however used in B. and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, as it should seem, on another occasion: "let thy father go *sneek up*, he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again while he lives."

Again, in the same play: "— Give him his money, George, and let him go *sneek up*." Again, in *Wily Beguiled*: "An if my mistress would be ruled by him, Sophos might go *sneek up*." Again, in *The two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: "— if they be not, let them go *sneek up*." Again, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631, *Blunt Master Constable*, 1602, &c.

Perhaps in the two former of these instances, the words may be corrupted. In *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Falstaff says, "The prince is a Jack, a *Sneak-cut*" i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner. I think we might safely read *sneak-cut*, at least, in sir Toby's reply to Malvolio? I should not however omit to mention that *sneek the door* is a north country expression for *latch the door*. STEEVENS.

² *Farewel, dear heart, &c.*] This entire song, with some variation, is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clown. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time, sir! ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A sloop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar.

¹ *Out o'time, sir!*] The old copy reads—out o'tune. The emendation now adopted has been lately proposed by Mr. Mason, who observes that this speech evidently refers to what Malvolio had said before: "Is there no respect of place—nor time in you?" *Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches." The same correction, I find, had been silently made by Theobald, and was adopted by the three subsequent editors. *Sir Toby* is here repeating with indignation Malvolio's words.

In the Mss. of our author's age, *tune* and *time* are often quite undistinguishable; the second stroke of the *u* seeming to be the first stroke of the *n*, or vice versa. Hence in *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. i. nlt. edit. 1623, we have "This *time* goes manly," instead of "This *tune* goes manly." MALONE.

² *Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?*] It was the custom on holidays or saints' days to make cakes in honour of the day. The Puritans called this, superstition, and in the next page Maria says, that *Malvolio* is sometimes a kind of Puritan. See Quarles's *Account of Rabbi Busy*, Act I. sc. iii. in Ben Jonson's *Bartolomew Fair*. LEATHERLAND.

³ —rub your chain with crumbs.] That stewards anciently wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants, may be proved from the following passage in the *Martial Maid* of B. and Fletcher:

"Dost thou think I shall become the steward's chain? Will not these slender haunches shew well in a chain?" Again, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:—"Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him to scour his gold chain."—The best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by rubbing it with crumbs. STEVENS.

⁴ —rule;] Rule is method of life; so misrule is tumult and riot.

JOHNSON.

Rule, on this occasion, is something less than common method of life. It occasionally means the arrangement or conduct of a festival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general. So, in the 27th song of Drayton's *Polyolion*:

"Cast

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword⁵, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us⁶, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass⁷, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

"Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,

"And at each pause they kiss; was never seen such rule

"In any place but here, at bon-fire or at yeule."

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called *Lord of Misrule*. In the country, at all periods of festivity, an officer of the same kind was elected. STEEVENS.

⁵ — a nay word,] A nayword is what has been since called a byeword, a kind of proverbial reproach. STEEVENS.

⁶ Possess us,] That is, inform us, tell us, make us masters of the matter. JOHNSON.

⁷ — an affection'd ass,] Affection'd means affected. In this sense, I believe, it is used in *Hamlet*—"no matter in it that could indite the author of affection." i. e. affectation. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 392, n. 1; and p. 414, n. 3. MALONE.

Sir

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass².

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea³.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to-bed, knight.—Thou had'st need fend for more money.

² *Sir And.* *And your horse now &c.*] This conceit, though bad enough, shews too quick an apprehension for *sir Andrew*. It should be given, I believe, to *sir Toby*; as well as the next short speech: O, 'twill be admirable. *Sir Andrew* does not usually give his own judgment on any thing, till he has heard that of some other person. TYRWHITT.

An anonymous writer asks, "does the ingenious critick imagine it probable that Maria would call *sir Toby* an ass?" My learned friend is above taking notice of such slender criticism. Maria in the subsequent speech is not speaking of *sir Andrew*, or *sir Toby*, but of *Malvolio*.

MALONE.

³ — *Penthesilea*] i. e. amazon. STEEVENS.

WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut¹.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come knight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.

Duke. Give me some munnck:—Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected² terms,
Of these moist brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

¹ — *call me Cut.*] i. e. call me a horse. So Falstaff in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. — "Spit in my face, call me horse." That this was the meaning of this expression is ascertained by a passage in *the Two Noble Kinsmen*, 2634, Act III. sc. iv:

"He'll buy me a white Cut forth for to ride,

"And I'll go seek him through the world that's so wide."

Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "But master, pray ye, let me ride upon Cut." *Curtal*, which occurs in another of our author's plays, (i. e. a horse, whose tail has been docked,) and *Cut*, were probably synonymous. MALONE.

This contemptuous expression occurs in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612, *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599, and several times in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know no body*, 1633, P. II.

STEEVENS.

— *recollected*—] Studied. WARBURTON.

I rather think that *recollected* signifies, more nearly to its primitive sense, *recalled*, *repeated*, and alludes to the practice of composers, who often prolong the song by repetitions. JOHNSON.

Duke.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO.—Musick.*]

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the feat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour⁴.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take
An elder than herself⁵; so wears she to him,

³ — to the feat

[*Where Love is thron'd.*] i. e. to the heart. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"My bosom's lord [i. e. *Love*] sits lightly on his throne."
Again, in *Othello*:

"Yield up O *Love*, thy crown, and bearded throne—."

So before, in the first act of this play:

"—when liver, brain and heart,

"These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd

"(Her sweet perfections) with one self-king." MALONE.

⁴ — favour.] The word *favour* ambiguously used. JOHNSON.

For its ancient sense, see Vol. V. p. 79, n. 4. MALONE.

⁵ An elder than herself;] Our author did not in this instance follow his own doctrine. His wife was seven years older than him.

MALONE

So sways the level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn⁶,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night :—
Mark it, Cefario ; it is old, and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free⁷ maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it ; it is filly sooth⁸,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age⁹.

Clown. Are you ready, sir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*

⁶ — *lost and worn,*] Though *lost and worn* may mean *lost and worn out*, yet *lost and won* being, I think, better, these two words coming usually and naturally together, and the alteration being very slight, I would so read in this place with Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *free*—] is, perhaps, *vacant, unengaged, easy in mind.*

JOHNSON.
Perhaps *free* means here—not having yet surrendered their liberty to man ;—unmarried. MALONE.

⁸ — *filly sooth,*] It is plain, simple truth. JOHNSON.

⁹ *And dallies with the innocence of love,*

Like the old age.] i. e. sports and plays with a love subject, as they did in old times. EDWARDS.

To *dally* is to play harmlessly. So, in Act III. " They that *dally* nicely with words." STEEVENS.

The old age is the ages past, the times of simplicity. JOHNSON.

SONG.

S O N G.

Clown. Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid¹;
 Fly away, fly away², breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it;
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it³.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin shall there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true-lover⁴ ne'er find my grave,
 To weep there.

Duke.

¹ And in sad cypress let me be laid.] In the books of our author's age the thin transparent lawn called cyprus, which was formerly used for scarfs and hatbands at funerals, [See *Supp. to Shakspeare*, Vol. II. p. 533.] was, I believe, constantly spelt cypress. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, edit. 1623:

"Cypresse black as e'er was crow,—"

where undoubtedly cyprus was meant. So again, in the play before us, edit. 1623, (as Mr. Warton has observed)

"— a cypresse, not a bosom,

"Hides my heart."

See also Minsheu's *Dict.* in v. "Cyprus or Cypress, a fine curled linen."

It is from the context alone therefore that we can ascertain whether cyprus or cypress was intended by our old writers. Mr. Warton has suggested in his late edition of Milton's *Poems*, that the meaning here is,— "Let me be laid in a shroud made of cyprus, not in a coffin made of cypress wood." But in a subsequent line of this song the shroud, we find, is white. There was indeed white cyprus as well as black; but the epithet sad is inconsistent with white, and therefore I suppose the word to have been here meant. MALONE.

² Fly away, fly away.—] The old copy reads—*Flie* away. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

³ My part of death no one so true

Did share it.] Though death is a part in which every one acts his share, yet of all these actors no one is so true as I. JOHNSON.

⁴ Sad true lover.—] Mr. Pope rejected the word sad, and other modern

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, fir; I take pleasure in finging, fir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clown. Truly, fir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal⁵!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where⁶; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewel.

[*Exit Clown.*

Duke. Let all the rest give notice.—Once more, Cesario,

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*

Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as addily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, fir?

modern editors have unnecessarily changed true *lower* to—true *love*. By making *never* one syllable, the metre is preserved. MALONE.

⁵ — a very opal!] The *opal* is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights.

"In the *opal* (says P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. xxxvii. c. 6.) you shall see the burning fire of the carbuncle or rubie, the glorious purple of the amethyst, the green sea of the emerald, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *their business might be every thing, and their intent every where*;] An intent *every* where, is much the same as an intent *no* where, [the reading proposed by Dr. Warburton] as it hath no one particular place more in view than another. HEATH.

⁷ But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in,—] The *miracle* and *queen of gems* is her beauty. Shakspeare does not say [as Dr. Warburton has asserted,] that nature pranks her in a miracle, but in the miracle of gems, that is, in a gem miraculously beautiful. JOHNSON.

To *prank* is to deck out, to adorn. See Lye's *Etymologicon*.

HEATH.

Duke.

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd¹.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's fides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt²;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud³

Feed

¹ *I cannot be &c.*] The folio reads—*It cannot be &c.* STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not sure that it is necessary, though it has been adopted in the late editions. The Duke may mean, *My suit cannot be so answered.* However, Viola's reply strongly supports the emendation. MALONE.

² *That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;*] The Duke has changed his opinion of women very suddenly. It was a few minutes before that he said they had more constancy in love than men. MASON.

Mr. Mason would read—*suffers*; but there is no need of change. *Suffer* is governed by *women*, implied under the words "*their love.*" The love of women &c. *who suffer*. MALONE.

³ — *like a worm i'the bud.*] So, in the 5th sonnet of Shakspeare:

"Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,

"Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name." STEEVENS.

Again.

Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought² ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief³. Was not this love, indeed ?

W.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

" Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud ? "

Again, in *King Richard II* :

" But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

" And chase the native beauty from his cheek." MALONE.

² *She pin'd in thought*;] *Thought*: formerly signified melancholy. So, in *Hamlet* :

" Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Again, in the *Tragical History of Romulus and Juliet*, 1562 :

" The cause of this her death was inward care and thought."

MALONE.

³ *She sat like patience on a monument,*

Smiling at grief.] So Chaucer :

" And her besidis wonder discretefulle

" Dame Patience sitting there I fonde,

" With face pale upon a hill of fonde." THEOBALD.

This celebrated image was not improbably first sketched out in the old play of *Pericles* : (I think Shakspeare's hand may be traced in the latter part of it, and there only :)—

" ——— thou [*Marina*] dost look

" Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling

" Extremity out of act." FARMER.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

" So mild, that *Patience* seem'd to scorn his woes."

In the passage in the text, our author perhaps meant to personify GRIEF as well as PATIENCE ; for we can scarcely understand " at grief " to mean " in griefs " as no statuary could, I imagine, form a countenance in which smiles and grief should be at once expressed. Shakspeare might have borrowed his imagery from some ancient monument on which these two figures were represented.

The following lines in the *Winter's Tale* seem to countenance such an idea :

" I doubt not then, but innocence shall make

" False accusation blush, and TYRANNY

" Tremble at PATIENCE."

In *King Lear*, we again meet with the two personages introduced in the text :

" *Patience* and *Sorrow* strove,

" Who should express her goodliest."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, the same kind of imagery may be traced :

VOL. IV.

E

" — nobly

We men may fay more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

" — nobly he yokes

" *A smiling with a sigh.*

" — I do note

" That *Grief* and *Patience*, rooted in him both,

" Mingle their spurs together."

I am aware that Homer's *δαμνῶν γέλασεν*, and a passage in *Macbeth*,—

" — My plentiful joys

" Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves

" In drops of sorrow—"

may be urged against this interpretation; but it should be remembered, that in these instances it is *joy* which bursts into tears. There is no instance I believe, either in poetry or real life, of *sorrow* smiling in anguish. In *pain* indeed the case is different: the suffering Indian having been known to smile in the midst of torture.—But, however this may be, the sculptor and the painter are confined to one point of time, and cannot exhibit successive movements in the countenance.

Dr. Percy however thinks, that "*grief* may here mean *grievance*, in which sense it is used in Dr. Powell's *History of Wales*, quarto, p. 356. "Of the wrongs and *griefs* done to the noblemen at Stratolyn" &c. In the original, (printed at the end of Wynne's *History of Wales*, octavo,) it is *grawamina*, i. e. grievances."—The word is likewise often used by our author in the same sense, (So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.*

— the king hath sent to know

The nature of your *griefs*;))

but never, I believe, in the singular number.

In support of what has been suggested, the authority of Mr. Rowe may be adduced, for in his life of Shakspeare he has thus exhibited this passage:

" *She sat like Patience on a monument,*

" *Smiling at Grief.*"

In the observations now submitted to the reader I had once some confidence, nor am I yet convinced that the objection founded on the particle *at*, and on the difficulty, if not impossibility, of a sculptor forming such a figure as these words are commonly supposed to describe, is without foundation. I have therefore retained my note; yet I must acknowledge, that the following lines in *K. Richard II.* which have lately occurred to me, render my theory somewhat doubtful, though they do not overturn it:

" His face still combating with tears and smiles,

" The badges of his *grief* and *patience*."

Here we have the same idea as that in the text; and perhaps Shakspeare never considered whether it could be exhibited in marble. MALONE.

And

WHAT YOU WILL.

51

And all the brothers too²;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny³. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Olivia's Garden.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
Yet me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggard-
ly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me
out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again;
and we will fool him black and blue: Shall we not, sir
Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my
metal of India⁴?

⁴ *I am all the daughters of my father's house,*

And all the brothers too;] This was the most artful answer that
could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have de-
clined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion.
This has the appearance of a direct answer, *that the sister died of her
love*; she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of
her father's house. *WARBURTON.*

⁵ — deny.] *Denay* is an antiquated verb some
times used by Holinshed, and also by Warner in his *Albion's England*,
1602. *STEEVENS.*

⁶ — my metal of India?] My precious girl, my girl of gold.

STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.* "Lads, boys, beards of gold," &c. The
old copy has *mettle*. The two words are very frequently confounded
in the early editions of our author's plays. The editor of the second
folio arbitrarily changed the word to *mettle*; which all the subsequent
editors have adopted. *MALONE.*

E 2

Mar,

THE PROPERTY OF THE
HOME DEPT.
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR.

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk ; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting ! *[The men hide themselves.]* Lie thou there ; *[throws down a letter.]* for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. *[Exit MARIA.]*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him ; how he jets ⁷ under his advanced plumes !

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio:—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy^s married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir

⁷ — how he jets—] To jet is to strut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

Is now become the steward of the house,

"And bravely sets it in a filken gown."

Again, in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1607 :

"To *set* in others' plumes so haughtily." STEVENS.

⁸ — *the lady of the strachy*—] Here is an allusion to some old story which I have not yet discovered. JOHNSON.

Perhaps a letter has been misplaced, and we ought to read—*flarby*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once most complicated operation of *flarbing*. I do not know that such a word exists; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the substantive *flarb*. In *Harfnett's Declaration*, 1603, we meet with "a yeoman of the *flarbery*;" i. e. wardrobe; and in the *Northumberland Housebold Book*, a *flarby* is

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him².

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state³,—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow⁴, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed⁵, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask f omy kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Spelt, nursery. *Starch*, therefore, for *starchery*, may be admitted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the place where *paste* was made, is called the *pastry*. The lady who had the care of the linen, may be significantly opposed to the yeoman, i. e. an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the *five different coloured starches* were worn, such a term might have been current. In the year 1564, a Dutch woman professed to teach this art to our fair country-women. "Her usual price (says Stowe) was four or five pounds to teach them how to *starch*, and twenty shillings how to *seeth starch*." The alteration was suggested to me by a typographical error in *The World tost at Tennis*, 1620, by Middleton and Rowley; where *starches* is printed for *starches*. I cannot fairly be accused of having dealt much in conjectural emendation, and therefore feel the less reluctance to hazard a guess on this desperate passage. STEEVENS.

The place in which candles were kept, was formerly called the *chan-
delier*. In B. Jonson's *Bartolomew Fair*, a ginger-bread woman is called *lady of the basket*.—The great objection to this emendation is, that from the *starchy* to the *wardrobe* is not what Shakspeare calls a very "heavy declension." In the old copy the word is printed in Italicks, as the name of a place,—*Strachy*. MALONE.

² — *blows him*.] i. e. puffs him up. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ————— on her breast

" There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*." STEEVENS.

³ — *my state*.—] i. e. a sumptuous chair with a canopy over it. See *Macbeth*, Act III. sc. iv. "Our hostess keeps her *state*." MALONE.

⁴ — *stone-bow*.] That is, a cross-bow, a bow which shoots stones. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *from a day-bed*.] i. e. a couch. MALONE.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start,
make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance,
wind up my watch², or play with my some rich jewel:
Toby approaches; court'sies there to me³:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars⁴,
yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow on the lips
then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me
on your niece give me this prerogative of speech*;—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with
a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

² — *wind up my watch*.—] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him. JOHNSON.

Again, in the *Mistress*, 1610:

"And I had lent my watch last night to one

"That dines to-day at the sheriff's." STEEVENS.

Pocket-watches were brought from Germany into England about the year 1580. MALONE.

³ — *court'sies there to me*.] In a note on *King Henry IV. P. I.* I have observed that the term to *court'sie* was applied to both sexes. So again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"The homely villain *court'sies* to her low—." MALONE.

⁴ Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,] In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the Clowns says, "I have a mistress, but who that is, a team of horses shall not pluck from me." So, in this play: "Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together." JOHNSON.

It may be worth remarking, perhaps, that the leading ideas of *Malvolio*, in his *Humour of State*, bear a strong resemblance to those of *Alnaschar* in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. Some of the expressions too are very similar. TYRWHITT.

Mal.

Mal. What employment have we here⁵?

[*taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes the her great P's⁶. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. [*reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft; and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers alter'd!

No man must know: if this should be thee, Malvolio?

⁵ *What employment have we here?* A phrase of that time, equivalent to our common speech of—*What's to do here.* WARBURTON.

⁶ — *her great P's.* In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads, there is neither a C, nor a P, to be found. STEVENS.

This was perhaps an oversight in Shakspeare; or rather, for the sake of the allusion hinted at in the following note, he chose not to attend to the words of the direction. It is remarkable that in the repetition of passages in Letters, which have been produced in a former part of a play, he very often makes his characters deviate from the words before used, though they have the paper itself in their hands, and though they appear to recite, not the substance, but the very words. So, in *All's well that ends well*, Act V. Helen says,

“—here's your letter; This it says:

“*When from my finger you can get this ring,*

“*And are by me with child;*”—

yet in Act III. sc. ii. she reads this very letter aloud; and there the words are different, and in plain prose: “When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body, &c.” Had she spoken in either case from memory, the deviation might easily be accounted for; but in both these places, she reads the words from Bertram's letter. MALONE.

I am afraid some very coarse and vulgar appellations are meant to be alluded to by these capital letters. BLACKSTONE.

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock⁷!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:*

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl⁸ checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity⁹. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end;—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly;—M, O, A, I.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter¹ will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

⁷ — brock!] i. e. badger. STEEVENS.

⁸ — stannyl—] The name of a kind of hawk is very judiciously put here for a stallion, by Sir Thomas Hanmer, JOHNSON.

Here is one of at least a hundred instances of the transcriber of these plays being deceived by his ear. The eye never could have confounded stannyl and stallion. MALONE.

To check, says Latham in his book of Falconry, is “when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the Hawke, she forsaketh her natural flight, to fly at them.” The stannyl is the common stone-hawk which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the North called *faucbil*. I have this information from Mr. Lamb's notes on the ancient metrical history of the battle of Flodden. STEEVENS.

⁹ — formal capacity.] i. e. any one in his senses, any one whose capacity is not dis-arranged, or out of form. See Vol. II. p. 117, n. 8.

STEEVENS.

¹ Sowter—] Sowter is here, I suppose, the name of a hound. Sowterly, however, is often employed as a term of abuse. A fowter was a cobbler. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, This fellow will, notwithstanding, catch at and be duped by our device, though the cheat is so gross; that any one else would find it out. Our author, as usual, forgets to make his simile answer on both sides; for it is not to be wondered at that a hound should cry or give his tongue, if the scent be as rank as a fox. MALONE.

Mal.

Mal. M.—Malvolio ; — *M.*—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope³.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I.—This simulation is not as the former :—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : Some are born great⁴, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite⁵ with a kinsman, surly with servants : let thy tongue tang arguments of state ; put thyself into the*

³ *And O shall end, I hope.*] By *O* is here meant what we now call a *bempen collar*. JOHNSON.

I believe he means only, it *shall end in figging*, in disappointment. So, somewhere else :

“How can you fall into so deep an *Ob* ?”

Again, in *Hymen's Triumph* by Daniel, 1623 :

“Like to an *O*, the character of woe.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *are born great,*] The old copy reads—*are become great*.

STEEVENS.

This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. It is justified by a subsequent passage in which the clown recites from memory the words of this letter. MALONE.

⁵ *Be opposite*—] That is, be *adverse*, *hostile*. An *opposite* in the language of our author's age meant an *adversary*. See a note on *K. Ricard III.* Act V. sc. iv. To be *opposite with* was the phraseology of the time. So, in Sir T. Overbury's *Character of a Precisian*, 1616 : “He will be sure to be in opposition *with* the papist” &c.

MALONE.

trick

trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings⁶; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd⁷: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off cross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice⁸ the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to those habits of her liking. I thank my star, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and

6 — *yellow stockings*;] Before the civil wars, yellow stockings were much worn. PERCY.

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1615: "What stockings have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not *yellow*, change them."—The yeomen attending the earl of Arundel, lord Windsor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who assisted at an entertainment performed before Q. Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week 1581, were dressed in *yellow worsted stockings*. The book from which I gather this information, was published by Henry Gottwell, gent. in the same year. STEEVENS.

See also B. Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, Act II. sc. ii. MALONE.

7 — *cross-garter'd*:] It appears, that the ancient puritans affected this fashion. Thus *Barton Holyday*, speaking of the ill success of his *TEKNOGAMIA*, says:

"Had there appear'd some sharp *cross-garter'd* man,

"Whom their loud laugh might nick-name *puritan*,

"Cas'd up in factions breeches, and small ruffe,

"That hates the surplice, and defies the crosse, &c.

In a former scene Malvolio was said to be an affecter of puritanism.

STEEVENS.

8 — *I will be point-de-vice*] i. e. with the utmost possible exactness. This phrase is of French extraction;—a *point-de-vice*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 393, n. 5. MALONE.

my

my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'y-
thee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device;

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ² with a midwife.

¹ — a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer observes, to Sir Robert Sherley, who was just returned in the character of *Embassador from the Sophy*. He boasted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendour.

STREVENS.

See further on this subject in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. where, since the first edition of that piece, I had made the same remark. MALONE.

² — at tray-trip;] The following passage might incline one to believe that tray-trip was the name of some game at tables, or draughts. "There is great danger of being taken sleepers at tray-trip, if the King sweep suddenly." Cecil's *Correspondence*, Lett. x. p. 136. B. Jonson joins tray-trip with mum-chance. *Alchemist*, Act V. sc. iv. TYRWHITT.

The truth of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture will be established by the following extract from *Machiavel's Dogge*, a Satire, quarto, 1617:

"But leaving cardes, let's go to dice a while,

"To passe, *trairiipe*, hazard, or mum-chance." REED.

³ — aqua-vitæ —] is the old name of *strong waters*. JOHNSON.

Mar.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark, his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests³; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church⁴.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar⁵, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

³ — cross-garter'd, a fashion for detests;] Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a footman without gards on his coat, represents him as "more upright than any cross-garter'd gentleman-usher." FARMER.

⁴ — by thy tabor? *Clown.* No, sir, I live by the church.] The *Clown*, I suppose, wilfully mistakes his meaning, and answers, as if he had been asked whether he lived by the sign of the tabor, the ancient designation of a musick shop. STEEVENS.

It was likewise the sign of an eating-house kept by Tarleton, the celebrated clown or fool of the theatre before our author's time; who is exhibited in a print prefixed to his *Jests*, quarto, 1611, with a tabor. Perhaps in imitation of him the subsequent stage-clowns usually appeared with one. MALONE.

⁵ — the king lies by a beggar.] Lies here as in many other places in old books, signifies—dwells, sojourns. See *King Henry IV.* P. II. A & III. 1c. ii. MALONE.

Clown.

Clown. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove⁶ to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clown. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so full, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

⁶ — a cheveril glove—] i. e. a glove made of *chevreau* leather: *chevreau*, Fr. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: “—a wit of *cheveril*—.” Again, in a proverb in *Ram* collection: “He hath a conscience like a *cheveril*'s skin.” STEVENS.

62 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin, Is thy lady within?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, fir?⁷

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown. I would play lord Pandarus⁸ of Phrygia, fir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, fir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, fir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar⁹. My lady is within, fir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;

And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard¹⁰, check at every feather

⁷ — *have bred, fir?*] I believe our author wrote—*have breed, fir*. The clown is not speaking of what a pair *might have done*, had they been kept together, but what they *may* do hereafter in his possession; and therefore covertly solicits another piece from Viola, on the suggestion that *one* was useless to him, without another to *breed out of*. Viola's answer corresponds with this train of argument: she does not say—"if they *had been kept together*" &c. but, "*being kept together*," i. e. Yes, they *will* breed, if you keep them together. MALONE.

⁸ — *Pandarus*—] See our author's play of *Troilus and Cressida*. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *Cressida was a beggar.*]

"—— great penurye

"Thou suffer shalt, and as a beggar dyt."

Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide*.

Cressida is the person spoken of. MALONE.

Again, *ibid.*

"Thou shalt thou go *begging* from hous to hous,

"With cuppe and clappir, like a Lazarous." THEOBALD.

¹⁰ — *the haggard*,] The hawk called the *baggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction. STEEVENS.

The meaning may be, that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly: *Not like the baggard*—. He must choose persons and times, and observe tempers, he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *baggard*, to seize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

That

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wife man's art;
Nor folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men's folly, fall'n², quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur?*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the lit⁴ of my voyage.

Vio.

² But wise men's folly, fall'n.] The sense is: But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion.

HEATH.

I explain it thus: The folly which he shews with proper adaptation to persons and times, is fit, has its propriety, and therefore produces no censure; but the folly of wise men when it falls or happens, taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judgment. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*taint*; whence Mr. Tytwhitt conjectures, with great probability, that "Shakspeare possibly wrote—But wise men, folly-fallen, &c. i. e. wise men fallen into folly. Mr. Pope introduced *taints*, which all the subsequent editors have adopted. MALONE.

³ *Sir And.* *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*] Mr. Theobald thinks it absurd that Sir Andrew, who did not know the meaning of *pourquoi* in the first act, should here speak and understand French; and therefore has given three of Sir Andrew's speeches to Sir Toby, and *vice versa*, in which he has been copied by the subsequent editors; as it seems to me, without necessity. The words,—*"Save you, gentleman,"*—which he has taken from Sir Toby, and given to Sir Andrew, are again used by Sir Toby in a subsequent scene; a circumstance which renders it the more probable that they were intended to be attributed to him here also.

With respect to the improbability that Sir Andrew should understand French here, after having betrayed his ignorance of that language in a former scene, it appears from a subsequent passage that he was a picker up of phrases, and might have learned by rote from Sir Toby the few French words here spoken. If we are to believe Sir Toby, Sir Andrew "could speak three or four languages word for word without book."

MALONE.

⁴ — the lit⁴—] is the bound, limit, farthest point. JOHNSON.

Sir To. Taste your legs, fir^s, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, fir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, fir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain odours! well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*] Give me your hand, fir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cefario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, fir! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;

5 Taste your legs, fir,] Perhaps this expression was employed to ridicule the fantastick use of a verb, which is many times as quaintly introduced in the old pieces, as in this play, or in *The true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

"A climbing tower that did not taste the wind."
Again, in Chapman's version of the 21st *Odyssey*:

"—— he now began

"To taste the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hard." STEEV.

6 — most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.] *Pregnant* means ready; as in *Measure for Measure*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

Vouchsafed for *vouchsafing*. MALONE.

7 — all ready.] The old copy reads—*already*. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. The editor of the third folio reformed the passage by reading only—*ready*. But omissions ought always to be avoided if possible. The repetition of the word *all* is not improper in the mouth of Sir Andrew. MALONE.

Your

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you ;
I bade you never speak again of him :
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you⁸ : I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here⁹,
A ring in chafe of you ; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you :
Under your hard construction must I sit,
'To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours : What might you think ?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,

⁸ — 'beseech you ?] This ellipsis occurs so frequently in our author's plays, that I do not suspect any omission here. The editor of the third folio reads—I beseech you; which supplies the syllable wanting, but hurts the metre. MALONE.

⁹ — you did here,] The old Copy has—*beare*. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. The two words are very frequently confounded in the old editions of our author's plays, and the other books of that age. See the last line of *King Richard III.* quarto, 1613 :

" That she may long live *beare*, God say amen."

Again, in *The Tempest*, folio, 1623, p. 3, l. 101

" *Heare*, cease more questions."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1623, p. 139 :

" Let us complain to them what fools were *beare*."

Again, in *All's Well that ends well*, 1623, p. 239 :

" That hugs his kicksey-wicksey *beare* at home."

Again, in Peck's *Desiderata Curiose*, Vol. I. p. 205 :

" — to my utmost knowledge, *beare* is simple truth and verity."

I could add twenty other instances, were they necessary. Throughout the first edition of our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the word we now spell *beare*, is constantly written *beare*.

Let me add, that Viola had not simply *beard* that a ring had been sent (if even such an expression as—" After the last enchantment, you did *beare*," were admissible); she had *seen* and *talked* with the bearer of it. MALONE.

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving¹
Enough is shewn; a cyprus², not a bosom,
Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak³.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice⁴; for 'tis a vulgar proof⁵,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
'To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe⁶:

Grace, and good disposition, attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

¹ To one of your receiving] i. e. to one of your ready apprehension. She considers him as an arch page. WARBURTON.

² — a cyprus,] is a transparent stuff. JOHNSON.

³ Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak.] The word *hear* is used in this line, like *tear*, *dear*, *swear*, &c. as a disyllable. See p. 25, n. 4. The editor of the second folio, to supply what he imagined to be a defect in the metre, reads—Hides my poor heart; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his interpolation. MALONE.

⁴ — a grice;] is a *step*, sometimes written *greese* from *degrees*, Fr. JOHNSON.

⁵ — 'tis a vulgar proof,] That is, it is a common proof. The experience of every day shews that &c. See Vol. II. p. 114, n. 2. MALONE.

⁶ Then westward-hoe:] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was assisted in it by Webster, and it was acted with great success by the children of Pauls, on whom Shakspeare has bestowed such notice in *Hamlet*, that we may be sure they were rivals to the company patronized by himself. STEEVENS.

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidenhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre⁶ all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has⁷; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.*

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to
the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me;
I saw it in the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while⁸, old boy; tell me that!

⁶ — *maugre* —] i. e. in spite of. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And that no woman has;*] And that heart and bosom I have never
yielded to any woman. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Did she see thee the while,*] *Thee* is wanting in the old copy. It
was supplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an afs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, fir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, firce before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your fight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormant valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now fail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist⁹, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, fir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

9 — as lief be a Brownist,] The Brownists were so called from Mr. Robert Browne, a noted separatist in queen Elizabeth's reign. See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. III. p. 15, 16, &c. In his life of Whitgift, p. 323, he informs us, that Browne, in the year 1589, "went off from the separation and came into the communion of the church." GREY.

The Brownists seem, in the time of our author, to have been the constant objects of popular satire. STEEVENS.

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand¹; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice², it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you? •

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo* *: Go.

[Exit *Sir ANDREW*.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

¹ — in a martial hand;] *Martial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst*, is petulant, crabbed. A curst cur, is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites.

JOHNSON.

² — taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice,] These words seem to me directly levelled at the attorney-general Coke, who, in the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, [1603,] attacked him with all the following indecent expressions:—"All that he did was, by thy instigation, thou viper; for I thou thee, thou traitor!" (Here, by the way, are the poet's three thou's.) "You are an odious man."—"Is he base? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf."—"O damnable atheist!"—"Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart."—"Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of bell."—"Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'st traitor that ever came at a bar, &c." Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet satyrically prescribes to sir Andrew's ink? THEOBALD.

The resentment of our author, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, might likewise have been excited by the contemptuous manner in which Lord Coke has spoken of players, and the severity he was always willing to exert against them. Thus in his *Speech and Charge at Norwich, with a discoverie of the abuses and corruption of officers*, Nath. Butter, quarto, 1607: "Because I must hast unto an end, I will request that you will carefully put in execution the statute against *vagrants*; since the making whereof I have found fewer thieves, and the gale less pestered than before.—The abuse of *stage-players*, wherewith I find the country much troubled, may be easily reformed; they having no commission to play in any place without leave: and therefore if by your willingness they be not entertained, you may soone be rid of them." STEEVENS.

* — at the *cubiculo*:] I believe, we should read—at thy *cubiculo*. MALONE.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will stop the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite³, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into fitsches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be saved by believing right⁴, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady

³ And his opposite,] *Opposite* in our author's time was used as a substantive, and synonymous to *adversary*. MALONE.

⁴ Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.] The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies.

WARBURTON.

The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the first hatch'd of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood. So, in a *Dialogue of the Phoenix*, &c. by R. Chester, 1601:

"The little *wren* that many young ones brings."

The old copy however reads—wren of mine. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania*, a poem, by N. Breton, 1606:

"The titmouse, and the multiplying *wren*."

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

will

WHAT YOU WILL.

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will strike him⁵; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no farther chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Oft good turns⁶
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth⁷, as is my conscience, firm,

⁵ — *I know my lady will strike him*;] We may suppose, that in an age when ladies struck their servants, the box on the ear which queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the earl of Essex, was not regarded as a transgression against the rules of common behaviour. STEEVENS.

⁶ *And thanks, and ever thanks: Oft good turns*—] The second *thanks*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr Theobald, to supply the metre.—He added at the same time the word *and* [*and oft &c.*] necessarily. *Turns* was, I have no doubt, used as a dissyllable.

MALONE.

⁷ *But were my worth*,] *Worth* in this place means *wealth* or *fortune*. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ — and he boasts himself
“ To have a *worthy* feeding.”

Again, in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*:

“ Such as the satyrift paints truly forth,
“ That only to his crimes owes all his *worth*.” MASON.

You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliicks of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd by repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be laps'd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse:
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,

³ — *the reliicks of this town?*] I suppose he means the *reliicks of*
faulns, or the remains of ancient fabricks. STEEVENS.

The words are explained by what follow:

“ ——— let us satisfy our eyes

“ With the memorials, and the things of fame,

“ That do renown this city. — MALONE.

⁴ — *the count his gallies,*] I suppose our author wrote—*county's gal-*
lies, i. e. the gallies of the county, or count; and that the transcriber's
ear deceived him. However, as the present reading is conformable to
the mistaken grammatical usage of the time, I have not disturbed the
text: MALONE.

I think,

I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Seb. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says, he'll come;¹
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in very strange manner. He is sure, posselt, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best
To have some guard about you, if he come,
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,

Enter MALVOLIO.

If sad and merry madness equal be.—

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some
obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; But what
of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the
very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

¹ *He says, he'll come;]* i. e. I suppose now, or admit now, he says
he'll come. WARBURTON.

Oli.

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my liver. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kifs thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some achieve greatness,—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness³.

² — *kifs thy hand so oft?*] This fantastical custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche, in *Faults and nothing but Faults*, quarto, circa 1606, p. 6: "—and these flowers of courtship, as they are full of affectation, so are they no less formall in their speech, full of fustian phrases, many times delivering such sentences, as do betray and lay open their master's ignorance: and they are so frequent with the kifs on the hand, that word shall not pass their mouths, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippen." REED.

³ — *midsummer madness.*] Hot weather often turns the brain, which is, I suppose, alluded to here. JOHNSON.

'Tis midsummer moon with you, is a proverb in Ray's collection, signifying, you are mad. STEEVENS.

Enter Servant.

Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orfino's is arriv'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. 'll come to him. [*Exit Serv.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him mizarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than fir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she; — *be opposite⁴ with a kinsman, surly with servants, — let thy tongue tang⁵ with arguments of state, — put thyself into the trick of singularity;* — and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some fir of note, and so forth. I have limed her⁶, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to:* Fellow⁷! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance, — What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

⁴ — *be opposite:* —] See p. 57, n. 5. MALONE.

⁵ — *let thy tongue tang &c.*] Here the old copy reads — *langer*; but it should be — *tang*. I have corrected it from the letter which Malvolio reads in a former scene. STEVENS.

The second folio reads — *ting*. TYRWHITT.

⁶ — *I have limed her,*] I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with birdlime. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *Fellow!*] This word, which originally signified companion, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? I'll all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him; yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: How is't with y^e, ur? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How so you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me⁸. What man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit⁹ with Satan: Hang him, foul collier¹!

Mar.

⁸ *Ay, Biddy, come with me.*] *Come, Bid, come*, are words of endearment used by children to chickens and other domestick fowl. An anonymous writer, with little probability, supposes the words in the text to be a quotation from some old song. MALONE.

⁹ — cherry-pit—] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole. STEEVENS.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime tire out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen². But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning³.

¹ *Hang him, foul collier!*] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the highest reproach. STEEVENS.

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness; *Like will to like, says the Devil to the Collier.* JOHNSON.

² *—finder of madmen.*] If there be any doubt whether a culprit is become *non compos mentis*, after indictment, conviction, or judgment, the matter is tried by a jury; and if he be found either an idiot or lunatick, the lenity of the English law will not permit him, in the first case, to be tried, in the second, to receive judgment, or in the third, to be executed. In other cases also inquests are held for the finding of madmen. MALONE.

³ *More matter for a May morning.*] It was usual on the first of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comick kind, as well as the *morris-dance*, of which a plate is given at the end of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Toller's observations on it. STEEVENS.

Sir

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow:*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rat and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine⁴; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself! Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner

4 — [*He may have mercy upon mine;*] We may read: *He may have mercy upon thine, but my hope is better.* Yet the passage may well enough stand without alteration.

It were much to be wished that Shakspeare in this and some other passages, had not ventured so near profane li. JOHNSON.

He may have mercy upon my soul, So case I should be killed by you; but my hope is that I shall survive the combat, and that you will fall; so look to yourself, for on yours he can have no mercy. Such, I suppose, is the knight's meaning. MALONE.

of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible⁵: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagging accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more apparition than ever proof itself would have earn'd him.
Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir T. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. They will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir T. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exit Sir T. FAB. and MAR.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out⁶:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'havour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me⁷, 'tis my picture;
Refuse

⁵ — *swear horrible*:] Adjectives are often used by our author and his contemporaries adverbially. See Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2. MALONE.

⁶ — *too unchary out*:] The old copy reads—*on't*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

⁷ — *wear this jewel for me*.] *Jewel* does not properly signify a single gem, but any precious ornament or superfluity. JOHNSON.

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
 And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
 What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny ;
 That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
 Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : Fare thee well ;
 A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't : of
 what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know
 not ; but thy interceptor, full of delight, bloody as the
 hunter, attends thee at the orchard end : dismount thy
 tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick,
 skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir ; I am sure, no man hath any
 quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and clear
 from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : there-
 fore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your
 guard ; for your opposite nath in him what youth, strength,
 skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier,
 and on carpet consideration^s ; but he is a devil in private
 brawl :

So, in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607 : " She gave him a very fine jewel,
 wherein was set a most rich diamond." See also Warton's *Hist. of*
English Poetry, Vol. I. p. 121. STEVENSON.

^s He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consider-
 ation ;] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret,
 dubbed in the field of battle, but, on carpet consideration, at a festivity,
 or some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling
 not on the ground, as in war, but on a carpet. This is, I believe, the
 original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally
 held in scorn by the men of war. JOHNSON.

In

brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher; *bob, nob*?, is his word; give't, or take't.

110. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

In Francis Markham's *Booke of Honour*, fol. 1625, p. 71. we have the following account of Carpet Knights. "Next unto these [i. e. those whom he distinguishes by the name of *Dunghill or Truck Knights*] in degree, but not in qualitie, (for these are truly for the most part vertuous and worthie,) is that rank of knights which are called *Carpet Knights*, being men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace, by the imposition or laying on of the king's sword, having by some special service done to the commonwealth deserved this great title and dignitie" He then enumerates the several orders of men on whom this honour was usually conferred; and adds—"those of the vulgar or common sort are called *Carpet Knights*, because (for the most part) they receive their honour from the king's hand in the court, and upon carpets,—which howsoever a curious envie may wrest to an ill sense, yet questionless there is no shadow of disgrace belonging to it, for it is an honour as perfect as any honour whatever, and the services and merits for which it is received as worthy and well deserving both of the king and country, as that which hath wounds and scarres for his witnesse." REED.

Greene uses the term—*Carpet-knights*, in contempt of those of whom he is speaking; and in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, it is employed for the same purpose. In Barrett's *Alvearie*, 1580: "—those which do not exercise themselves with some honest affaires, but serve abominable and filthy idleness, are as we use to call them, *Carpet-Knights*." B. ante O. STEEVENS.

—*with unhatch'd rapier*,] The modern editors read—*unback'd*. It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary in *v. backer*, [to hack, hew &c.] that to *batch* the hilt of a sword, was a technical term.—Perhaps we ought to read—with *an batch'd rapier*, i. e. with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly engraved and ornamented. Our author, however, might have used *unbatch'd* in the sense of *unback'd*; and therefore I have made no change. MALONE.

—*bob, nob*,] This adverb is corrupted from *kap ne bap*; as would we would, soill we will; that is, let it happen or not; and signifies at random, at the mercy of chance. See Johnson's Dictionary. STEEV.

So, in Holinshed's *Hist. of Ireland*: "The citizens in their rage—*shot babbe or nabbe, at random*." MALONE.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must¹, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir TOBY.]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago². I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and

¹ — meddle you must,] So afterwards, Sir Andrew says, "Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him." See Vol. I. p. 8, n. 3. The vulgar yet say "I'll neither meddle nor make with it." MALONE.

² — I have not seen such a virago.] *Virago* cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose sir Toby to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of woman with the prowess of man. JOHNSON.

Why may not the meaning be more simple, "I have never seen the most furious woman so obstreperous and violent as he is?" MALONE.

The old copy reads—*virago*. A *virago* always means a female warrior,

and all, and he gives me the stuck-in³, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you⁴ as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good shew on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to Fabian*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him⁵; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds what now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

rior, or, in low language, a scold, or turbulent woman. If Shakspeare (who knew Viola to be a woman, though sir Toby did not) has made no blunder, Dr. Johnson has supplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Firago* may however be a ludicrous term of Shakspeare's coinage.

STEEVENS.

³ — *the stuck*—] The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. STEEVENS.

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: — *thy flock, thy reverse, thy montant.* MALONE.

⁴ — *he pays you*—] i. e. he *bites* you. See Vol. I. p. 281, n. 6; and Vol. V. p. 174, n. 4. MALONE.

⁵ *He is as* horribly conceited of him;] That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him. MALONE.

Sir To. Come, fir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello⁶ avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! . [draws.

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [draws.

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [drawing.

Sir To. You, fir? why, what are you?

Ant. Owe, fir, that for his love dares yet do more than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker⁷, I am for you. [draws.

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good fir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [to Antonio.

Vio. Pray, fir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, fir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1. *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

⁶ — *by the duello*—] i. e. by the laws of the *duello*, which, in Shakespeare's time, were settled with the utmost nicety. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Nay, if you be an undertaker,*] But why was an *undertaker* so offensive a character? I believe this is a *touch upon the times*, which may help to determine the date of this play. At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the king had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain persons, who *had undertaken*, through their influence in the house of commons, to carry things according to his majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was so unpopular, that the king thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly, is another question,) that there had been any such *undertaking*. *Parl. Hist.* Vol. V. p. 277, and 286. Sir Francis Bacon also (then attorney-general) made an artful, apologetical speech in the house of commons upon the same subject; *when the house* (according to the title of the speech) *was in great heat, and much troubled about the undertakers*. Bacon's Works, Vol. II. p. 236, quarto edit. TAYLOR.

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2. *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1. *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2. *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having * is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2. *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;

* — my having—] See Vol. I. p. 253, n. 5. MALONE.

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil⁸.

1. *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him. Come,
come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I⁹.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage-saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; and my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend
here in necessity, and denying him; and for his coward-
ship, ask Fabian.

⁸ — *o'erflourish'd by the devil.*] In the time of Shakspeare, trunks,
which are now deposited in lumber rooms, or other obscure places, were
part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. I
have seen more than one of these, as old as the time of our poet.
They were richly ornamented on the tops and sides with scroll work,
emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. Shakspeare has
the same expression in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — your title to him

“ Doth flourish the deceit — ”. STEEVENS.

Again, in his 60th Sonnet:

“ Time doth transfix the flourish let on youth.” MALONE.

⁹ — *so do not I.*] This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myself,
when, from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life. JOHNSON.

Fab.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clown. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney¹.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek², depart from me;

¹ *I am afraid this great lubber the world &c.]* That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world. JOHNSON.

² — *foolish Greek,] Greek,* was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakspeare, especially in *Timon of Athens*, and *K. Henry IV.* WARBURTON.

Can our author have alluded to St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Chap. i. v. 23: "—— to the *Greeks foolishness.* STEEVENS.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

There's money for thee ; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand :—These
wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good
report after fourteen years' purchase¹.

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again ? there's for
you, [striking Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there : Are
all the people mad ? [striking Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the
house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight : I would not
be in some of your coats for two pence, [Exit Clown,

Sir To. Come on, sir ; hold. [holding Sebastian,

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to
work with him ; I'll have an action of battery against
him, if there be any law in Illyria : though I struck him
first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my
young soldier, put up your iron : you are well flesh'd ;
come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee, What wouldst thou now ?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [draws.

Sir To. What, what ? Nay, then I must have an ounce
or two of this malapert blood from you. [draws.

¹ — *get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.*] This
seems to carry a piece of satire upon monopolies, the crying grievance of
that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years ; and the pe-
titions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gain-
ed favourable reports from thence. *WARBURTON.*

This passage may be considered as a further corroboration of Mr.
Tyrwhitt's conjecture, that *Twelfth-Night* was written in 1614. The
grievance of monopolies, though long complained of, had, it should
seem, risen to a greater height at that time than ever, for next to *the*
undertakers, it was the great subject of parliamentary debate, during the
short session of that year. Mr. Heath however thinks the meaning is,
“ — purchase a good report [or character] at a very extravagant price.”

MALONE.

Enter

WHAT YOU WILL.

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Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.
Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario:—
Rudeſby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent⁴
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up⁵, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Bestow his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee⁶.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.—

⁴ *In this uncivil and unjust extent*] *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken here for violence in general. JOHNSON.

⁵ *This ruffian hath botch'd up,*] A coarse expression for *made up*, as a bad taylor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumsily. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. A similar expression occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— if you'll patch a quarrel

“ As matter whole you've not to make it with.”

Again, in *King Henry V*:

“ Do *botch* and bungle up damnation.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *He started one poor heart of mine in thee.*] I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between *heart* and *bart*. The sense however is easy enough. *He that offends thee, attacks one of my hearts*; or, as the ancients expressed it, *half my heart*. JOHNSON.

The equivoue suggested by Dr. Johnson was, I have no doubt, intended. *Heart* in our author's time was frequently written *bart*; and Shakespeare delights in playing on these words. See Vol. III. p. 178, n. 8.

MALONE.

⁷ *What relish is in this?*] How does this taste? What judgment am I to make of it? JOHNSON.

Let

90 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dst be rul'd
by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in OLIVIA's House,

Enter MARIA, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
beard; make him believe, thou art sir Topas⁸ the cu-
rate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my-
self⁹ in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissem-
bled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the
function well¹; nor lean enough to be thought a good stu-
dent: but to be said, an honest man, and a good house-
keeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man², and a
great scholar. The competitors³ enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clown. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of

⁸ — sir Topas the curate;] The name of *sir Topas* is taken from
Chaucer. STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 188, n. 9; and Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

⁹ — *I will dissemble myself*—] i. e. disguise myself. MALONE.

¹ *I am not tall enough to become the function well*;] This cannot be
right. The word wanted should be part of the description of a careful
man. I should have no objection to read—*pale*. TYRWHITT.

Tall enough, perhaps means *not of sufficient height to overlook a pulpit*.

STEEVENS.

² — *a careful man*,] I believe means a man who has such a regard
for his character as to intitle him to ordination. STEEVENS.

³ *The competitors*—] That is, the confederates or associates. The
word *competitor* is used in the same sense in *K. Richard III.* and in the
Two Gentlemen of Verona. MASON.

See Vol. I. p. 140, n. 7. MALONE.

Prague,

Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a piece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*⁴: so I, being master parson, am master parson; For what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, fir Topas.

Clown. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, fir Topas, good fir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good fir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy; Say't thou, that house⁵ is dark?

Mal. As hell, fir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay windows⁶ transparent as bar-

⁴ — *very wittily said*—*That, that is, is*:] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex præcognitis & præconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, *whatsoever is, is*; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be; with much trifling of the like kind. WARBURTON.

⁵ — *that house*—] That mansion, in which you are now confined. The clown gives this pompous appellation to the small room in which Malvolio, we may suppose, was confined, to exasperate him. The word *is* in the clown's next speech plainly means Malvolio's chamber, and confirms this interpretation. MALONE.

⁶ — *it hath bay-windows*—] A *bay-window* is the same as a *bow-window*; a window in a recess, or bay. See *A. Wood's Life*, published by T. Hearne, 1730, p. 548 and 553. STEEVENS.

See Minshew's *Dict.* in v. "A *bay-window*,—because it is builded in manner of a baie or rode for shippes, that is, round. *L. Cave fenestrae*. G. Une fenestre sortant hors de la maison." MALONE.

ricadoes, and the clear stones⁷ towards the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, fir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darknes^s,⁸ but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were^{*} as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question⁹.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What think'st thou of his⁹ opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darknes^s: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock⁹, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, fir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite fir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters¹.

Mar.

⁷ — *the clear stones*—] The old copy has—*stones*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁸ — *constant question*.] A settled, a determinate, a regular question.

Rather, in any regular conversation, for so generally Shakspeare uses the word question. MALONE.

⁹ — *to kill a woodcock*.] The clown mentions a woodcock particularly, because that bird was supposed to have very little brains, and therefore was a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits. MALONE.

¹ *Nay, I am for all waters*.] I can turn my hand to any thing; I can assume any character I please; like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters. Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says, that "he hath an oar in every water, and meddleth with all things." Florio's translation,

Mr. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot*. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clown. Hey Robin, jolly Robin²,
Tell me how thy lady does.

[*singing.*]

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say:—

Clown. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

tion, 1603. In Florio's *Second Fruits*, 1591, I find an expression more nearly resembling that of the text: "I am a knight for all *jaddles*." The equivoque suggested in the following note may, however, have been also in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

The word *water*, as used by jewellers, denotes the colour and lustre of diamonds and pearls, and from thence is applied, though with less propriety, to other precious stones. I think that Shakspeare in this place alludes to this sense of the word *water*. The clown is complimented by Sir Toby for personating Sir Topas so exquisitely, to which he replies that he can put on all colours, alluding to the word *Topas*, which is the name of a jewel, and was also that of the curate. MASON.

* — to the upshot.] The word *to* was inserted by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

² *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*] This song should certainly begin:

"Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me

"How does thy lady do?—

"My lady is unkind, perdy.—

"Alas, why is she so?" FARMER.

Clown.

Clown. Alas, fir, how fell you besides your five wits³?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me⁴; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clown. Maintain no words with him⁵, good fellow.—Who, I, fir? not, I, fir. God b'w'you, good fir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, fir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clown. Alas, fir, be patient. What say you, fir? I am shent for speaking to you⁶.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day,—that you were, fir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

³ —your five wits?] The *Wits*, Dr. Johnson some where observes, were reckoned *five* in analogy to the five senses. From Stephen Hawes's poem called *Graunde Amoure*, ch. xxiv. edit. 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were—"common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory." *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power. MALONE.

⁴ —property'd me;] They have taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself. JOHNSON.

⁵ Maintain no words with him,] Here the *Clown* in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.—*I will, fir, I will*, is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whispered. JOHNSON.

⁶ —I am shent &c.] i.e. rebuked. MALONE.

Clown.

WHAT YOU WILL.

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Clown. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?⁷

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'y-thee, be gone.

Clown.

*I am gone, fir,
And anon, fir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice⁸,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil⁹.*

[*singing.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE

⁷ — tell me true, are you not mad,—or do you but counterfeit? If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to insult him, I think, asks, are you mad, or do you but counterfeit? That is, you look like a madman, you talk like a madman: Is your madness real, or have you any secret design in it? This, to a man in poor Malvolio's state, was a severe taunt. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, in my apprehension, misinterprets the words, “—do you but counterfeit?” They surely mean, “do you but counterfeit madness,” or, in other words, “assume the appearance of a madman, though not one.”—Our author ought, I think, to have written, either, “—are you mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?” or else, “—are you not not mad indeed, and do you but counterfeit?” But I do not suspect any corruption; for the last I have no doubt was what he meant, though he has not expressed his meaning accurately. He is often careless in such minute matters. Mr. Mason supposes that, “—do you but counterfeit,” means “—do you only pretend to be in your sense. This interpretation removes the difficulty; but, considering the words that immediately precede, is very harsh, and appears to me inadmissible. MALONE.

⁸ Like to the old vice,] Vice was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers. JOHNSON.

This

SCENE III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
 I could not find him at the Elephant:

This character was always acted in a *mask*; it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which they now use *visage*, though they still retain it in *vis-a-vis*, which is, literally, *face to face*.

STEEVENS.

[*Adieu, goodman, devil.*] This last line has neither rhyme nor meaning. I cannot but suspect that the *fox* translates Malvolio's name, and says:

Adieu, goodman mean-evil. JOHNSON.

We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakespeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the last line: *Adieu, goodman drivell*.

The name of *Malvolio* seems to have been form'd by an accidental transposition in the word, *Malivolo*.

I know not whether a part of the preceding line should not be thrown into a question, "pare thy nails, dad?"

In *K. Henry V.* we again meet with "this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger." FARMER.

In the old translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595, Menæchmus says to Peniculus: "Away filthie mad *drivell*, away! I will talk no longer with thee." STEEVENS.

The last two lines of this song have, I think, been misunderstood. They are not addressed in the *first* instance to Malvolio, but are quoted by the clown, as the words, *ab, ab!* are, as the usual address in the old Moralities to the Devil. I do not therefore suspect any corruption in the words "goodman Devil." We have in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*—"No *man* means evil: but the *devil*;" and in *Much Ado about Nothing*, "God's a good *man*."

The reason why the Vice exhorts the Devil to pare his nails, is, because the Devil was supposed from choice to keep his nails always unpared, and therefore to pare them was an affront. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1615:

"I will follow mine own minde and mine old trade;

"Who shall let me? *the diuel's nails are unpared.*" MALONE.

Yet there he was; and there I found this credit¹,
 That he did range the town to seek me out:
 His counsel now might do me golden service:
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse²,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust³, but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
 She could not iway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
 That is deceivable⁴. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA, and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
 Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry by: there, before him;
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

¹ *Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,*] i. e. I found it justified, credibly vouched. Whether the word *credit* will easily carry this meaning, I am doubtful. The expression seems obscure; and though I have not disturbed the text, I very much suspect that the poet wrote:

— and there I found this credent.

He uses the same term again in the very same sense in the *Winter's Tale*:

— Then 'tis very credent,

Thou may'st cojoin with something, &c. THEOBALD.

Perhaps *credit* is here used for *credited*. So in the first scene of this play, *beat* for *beated*, and in *Hamlet*, *boist* for *boisted*. MALONE.

² [*all instance, all discourse,*] *Discourse*, for *reason*. WARBURTON.

Instance is *example*. JOHNSON.

³ [*To any other trust,*] *To any other belief, or confidence, to any other firm opinion*. JOHNSON.

— *deceivable.*] Our author licentiously uses this word for *deception*. MALONE.

OL. IV.

H

May

98 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles⁵ you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth⁶, ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens⁷ ~~do~~
shine⁷;

That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exit.

A C T V.

Before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown, and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good master Fabian, grant me another request;

Fab. Any thing.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, deal
fire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trapnings.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the
worse for my friends.

⁵ *Whiles*—] is *until*. This word is still so used in the northern counties. It is, I think, used in this sense in the preface to the *Accidence*,

It is used in this sense in Tarleton's *News out of Purgatorie*. as the novel at the end of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALONE.

⁶ — truth,] *Truth* is *fidelity*. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *heavens so shine*, &c.] Alluding perhaps to a superstitious supposition, the memory of which is still preserved in a proverbial saying: "Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the cottage upon which the rain falls." STEEVENS.

Duke.

Yet th

WHAT YOU WILL.

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That is. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives², why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a finner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clown. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells³ of St. Bennet⁴, sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke.

² — conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,] One cannot but wonder, that this passage should have perplexed the commentators. In Marlowe's *Last Dominion*, the Queen says to the Moor:

— "Come, let's kisse.

Moor. "Away, away.

Queen. "No, no, sayes, I; and twice away, sayes stay."

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the sixty-third stanza of his *Asprobel and Stella*. FARMER.

³ — or, the bell —] That is, if the other arguments I have used are not sufficient, the bells of St. Bennet, &c. MALONE.

⁴ — bells of St. Bennet,] When in this play he mentioned the *bed of Wedge*, he recollected that the scene was in Illyria, and added, in *England*; but his sense of the same impropriety could not restrain him from the bells of St. Bennet. JOHNSON.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clown. Marry, fir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, fir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, fir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown.]

Enter ANTONIO, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, fir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful² grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1. *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tyger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:

Shakspeare's improprieties and anachronisms are surely venial in comparison with those of contemporary writers. Lodge, in his *True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594, has mentioned *the razors of Palermo*, and *St. Paul's steeple*, and has introduced a *Frenchman*, named *Don Pedro*, who, in consideration of receiving *forty crowns*, undertakes to poison Marius. Stanyhurst, the translator of four books of Virgil, in 1582, compares Chærebus to a *bedlamite*; says, that old Priam girded on his sword *Merglay*; and makes Dido tell Æneas, that she should have been contented had she been brought to bed even of a *cockney*.

Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset

Ante fugam soboles——

—— yf yeet soom progenye from me

Had crawl'd, by the father'd, yf a cockney dandiprat hopth^{ab}.

STEEVENS.

² —[*scathful*] i. e. mischievous, destructive. STEEVENS.

Here

Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
 In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
 But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
 I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
 Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
 Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
 Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
 Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
 Though, I confess, on base⁴ and ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
 That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
 From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
 His life I gave him, and did thereto add
 My love, without retention, or restraint,
 All his in dedication: for his sake,
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town;
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
 While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
 (No interim, not a minute's vacancy.)
 Both day and night did we keep company.

[—desperate of shame, and state,] Unattentive to his character or
 his condition, like a desperate man. JOHNSON.

[—on base—] Base is here a substantive, *basiss*. I give the expli-
 cation of so simple a term, lest any one should suppose, as I once did, that
 we ought to read—and on base ground enough. MALONE.

Enter OLIVIA, and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside,

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario*?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fullsome to mine ear⁵,
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithful⁶st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love⁷; a savage jealousy,

That

⁵ — as fat and fullsome—] Fat means dull; so we say a fatbeated fellow; fat likewise means gross, and is sometimes used for *scene*.

⁶ — hath breath'd out,] Old Copy—*have*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. JOHNSON.
MADONE.

⁷ Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,

Kill what I love;] Our author was indebted for this allusion to Heliodorus's *Æthiopicks*. This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with

WHAT YOU WILL.

103

That sometime favours nobly ? But hear me this :

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument,

That screws me from my true place in your favour,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;

But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,

And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where he sits crown'd in his master's spight.—

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

To spight a raven's heart within a dove.

[going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [following.

Oli. Where goes Cefario ?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife :

If I do feign, you witnesses above,

Punish my life, for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah me, detested ! how am I beguil'd !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ?—

Call forth the holy father.

[Exit an Attendant.

Duke. Come, away.

[to Viola.

Oli. Whither, my lord ?—Cefario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband ?

Oli. Ay, husband ; Can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah ?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,

with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they departed of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave ; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answer'd towards the cave's mouth by a Greekess, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast. **THEOBALD.**

H 4

That

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

That makes thee strange thy propriety⁸ :
 Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up ;
 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
 As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father !

Re-enter Attendant, and Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
 Here to unfold (though lately we intended
 To keep in darkness, what occasion now
 Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
 Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love⁹,
 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
 Attested by the holy close of lips,
 Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings ;
 And all the ceremony of this compact
 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :
 Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
 I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub ! what wilt thou be,
 When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case¹ ?
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?
 Farewel, and take her ; but direct thy feet,
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vis. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear ;
 Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

⁸ —strange thy propriety:] Suppress or disown thy property. MALONE.

⁹ A contract of eternal bond of love,] I once suspected we should read —A contract and eternal &c. but I now believe the text is right. The meaning is only, A contract, promising love and eternal union. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ The sealing day between my love and me,

“ For everlasting bond of fellowship.”

In *Troilus and Cressida* we have “ a bond of air,”—for words that induce the attention of the hearer to the speaker. MALONE.

¹ —case?] Case is a word used contemptuously for skin. We then talk of a fox case, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox. JOHNSON.

So, in Cary's *Present State of England*, 1626: “ Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies? —He answered, as I like my silver-haired conies at home; the *ladies* are far better than the bodies.” MALONE.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadine.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you; You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other ways than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin²: I hizzle a drunken rogue.

Oli.

Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin:] The old copy has *any*; either, as Mr. Steevens has observed, "from the u being incidentally reversed at the press," or from the compositor's eye deceiving him; for between *u* and *n* in the Mss. of Shakspeare's age, there is not the smallest difference. The same mistake has happened often in these plays. See Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9.

With respect to the terms here used, there appears to me no difficulty. The author probably did not intend that Sir Toby should on this occasion utter any thing very profound, or that his enunciation should be

very

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull³!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW:*

very distinct and accurate. Hence we have *passy-measures* for *passing-measures*, or *passa-measure*, a corruption, as Sir John Hawkins supposes, of *passamezzo*, which Florio in his Italian Dictionary, 1598, explains thus: "A *passa-measure* in dancing a cinque pace." The *Measures*, as may be collected from Beatrice's description, were solemn, slow dances, "full of state and ancientry." See Vol. II. p. 225, and p. 405, n. 4. The *pavin*, as appears from Florio, who spells the word as Shakspeare does, was in Italian *Pavana*. It likewise, says Sir John Hawkins, was "a grave majestick dance; from *Pave*, a peacock. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in their gowng with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail.—This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the steps in the *Orchesographia* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavan has its galliard a lighter kind of air made out of the form."

From what has been stated, I think, it is manifest that Sir Toby means only by this quaint expression, that the surgeon is a rogue, and a *grave solemn coxcomb*. It is one of Shakspeare's unrivalled excellencies, that his characters are always consistent. Even in drunken jests they preserve the traits which distinguished them when sober. Sir Toby in the first act of this play, shewed himself well acquainted with the various kinds of the dance.

The editor of the second folio, who, when he does not understand any passage, generally cuts the knot, instead of untying it, arbitrarily reads—"after a *passy-measures pavin* I hate a drunken rogue." In the same manner, in the preceding speech, not thinking "an hour ago" good English, he reads—"O he's drunk, sir Toby, *above* an hour ago." There is scarcely a page of that copy in which similar interpolations may not be found. MALONX.

It is in character that Sir Toby should express a strong dislike of *serious dances*, such as the *passa-mezzo* and the *pavan* are described to be. TYRWHITT.

³ —[*An ass-head and a coxcomb, &c.*] I believe, Sir Toby means to apply all these epithets either to the surgeon or Sebastian; and have pointed the passage accordingly. It has been hitherto printed, "Will you help an ass-head," &c. but why should Sir Toby thus unmercifully abuse himself? MALONX.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,

[*Natural perspective, &c.*] A *perspective* seems to be taken for shows exhibited through a glass with such lights as make the pictures appear really present. The Duke therefore says, that nature has here exhibited such a show, where shadows seem realities; where that which is not appears like that which is. JOHNSON.

I apprehend this may be explained by a quotation from a duodecimo book called *Humane Industry*, 1661, p. 76 and 77: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to represent several faces—that being viewed from one place or standing, did shew the head of a Spaniard, and from another, the head of an ass."—"A picture of a chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces,—but if one did look on it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single pourtraiture of the chancellor himself." Thus that, which is, is not, or in a different position appears like another thing. This seems also to explain a passage in *King Henry V.* Act V. sc. ii: "Yes, my lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities turn'd into a maid." TOLLET.

I believe that Shakspeare meant nothing more by this natural perspective, than a reflexion from a glass or mirror. MASON.

Whom

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—

Of charity, what kin are you to me? [to Viola.]

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his watery tomb:

If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad,,

Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!

He finished, indeed, his mortal act,

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump.

That I am Viola: which to confirm,

I'll bring you to a captain in this town

Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help

I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:

All the occurrence* of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, [to Oli.] you have been mistok:
But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—

* —OCCURRENCE—] I believe our author wrote—OCCURRENCE. See
Vol. V. p. 110, n. 3; and p. 161, n. 2. MALONE.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
 I shall have share in this most happy wreck :
 Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [10 Viola.
 Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over-swear;
 And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
 As doth that orb'd continent the fire
 That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
 And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
 Hath my maid's garments : he, upon some action,
 Is now in durance ; at Malvolio's suit,
 A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him :—Fetch Malvolio hither :
 And yet, alas, now I remember me,
 They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy⁵ of mine own
 From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
 How does he, firrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the slave's
 end, as well as a man in his case may do : he has here
 with a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day
 morning ; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so
 it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool
 delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,—*

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness : an your
 ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*⁶.

Oli.

⁵ *A most extracting frenzy—*] i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from
 very thing but its own object. WARBURTON.

I formerly supposed that Shakspeare wrote—*distracting*; but have
 since met with a passage in the *History of Hambley*, bl. l. 1608. Sig. C 2.
 that seems to support the reading of the old copy : "—to try if men of
 great account be *extract* out of their wits." MALONE.

⁶ — *you must allow vox.*] The clown, we may presume, had begun
 to

710 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits⁷, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, firrah. [to Fabian.

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses, as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you⁸,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you; [to Viola.] and, for your service
done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex⁹,

So

to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant gesticulation. Being reprimanded by his mistress, he justifies himself by saying, *If you would have it read in character, as such a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a frantick tone.*

MAL'NE.

⁷ — but to read his right wits,] To represent his present state of mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman.

JOHNSON.

⁸ One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,] Mr. Heath would read, I think without necessity,—*an't* so please you. MALONE.

This is well conjectured; but *on't* may relate to the double character of sister and wife. JOHNSON.

⁹ So much against the mettle of your sex,] So much against the weak frame and constitution of woman. *Mettle* is used by our author in many

WHAT YOU WILL.

311

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand ; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister ?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman ?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this fame :

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio ? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter :
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or ~~in~~ *in* ;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention :
You can say none of this : Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour ;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter¹ people :
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck², and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on ? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing.

many other places for *spirit* ; and as *spirit* may be either high or low,
mettle seems here to signify natural *timidity*, or *deficiency of spirit*.
Shakspeare has taken the same licence in *All's well that ends well* :

" 'Tis only *title* thou disdain'st in her—"

1. of the *want* of title. Again, in *King Richard III* :

" The *forfeit*, sovereign, of my servant's life—"

It is, the remission of the *forfeit*. MALONE.

— *lighter*—] People of less dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

2. — *geek*,] A fool. JOHNSON.

So, in the vision at the conclusion of *Cymbeline* :

" And to become the *geek* and scorn

" Of th' other's villainy." STEEVENS.

Though,

112 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling³,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd⁴
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
'This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him⁵; Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance⁶;
In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool⁷! how have they baffled thee⁸!

Clown. Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was

3 — then cam'st in smiling,] i. e. then, that thou cam'st in smiling.
MALONE.

4 — here were presuppos'd] *Presuppos'd* seems to mean previously pointed out for thy imitation; or such as it was supposed thou would'st assume after thou hadst read the letter. The supposition was previous to the act. STEEVENS.

5 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him:] Surely we should rather read, — conceiv'd in him. TYRWHITT.

6 — at sir Toby's great importance;] Importance is importunity, importunement. See Vol. II. p. 193, n. 6. STEEVENS.

7 Alas, poor fool!] This in our author's time was a term of tenderness and pity. See Vol. III. p. 143, n. *. MALONE.

8 — how have they baffled thee?] See Vol. V. p. 9, n. *. STEEVENS.

one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—But do you remember? *Madam*, *why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—

He hath not told us of the captain yet;

When that is known, and golden time convents¹,

A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls:—Mean time, sweet sister,

We will not part from hence.—*Cesario*, come;

For so you shall be, while you are a man;

But, when in other habits you are seen,

Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. — [*Exeunt.*]

S O N G.

Clown. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But

¹ — *But do you remember?* *Madam,*] As the clown is speaking to Malvolio, and not to *Oli.*, I think this passage should be regulated thus: *but do you remember?* — *Madam, why laugh you, &c.* TYRWHITT.

In all former copies—But do you remember, *madam, why* &c. I have followed the regulation recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

² — *convents,*] Perhaps we should read — *consents.* To *consent*, however, is to *assemble*; and therefore, the count may mean, when the happy hour calls us again together. STEEVENS.

³ *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*] Here again we have an old song, scarcely worth correction. 'Gainst *knaves and thieves* must evidently be, 'gainst *knave and thief*.—When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little regarded, but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates against me, as a *knave and a thief*.

[*Sir Thomas Hanmer* rightly reduces the subsequent words, *beds* and *beds*, to the singular number: and a little alteration is still wanting at the beginning of some of the stanzas.

Mr. Steevens observes in a note at the end of *Much ado about Nothing*, that the play had formerly passed under the name of *Benedict* and *Beatrice*. It seems to have been the *court-fashion* to alter the titles. A

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my beds
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.]*

very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, Mrs. Askew of Queen's Square, has a fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare, which formerly belonged to king Charles I. and was a present from him to his Master of the Revels, Sir Thomas Herbert. Sir Thomas has altered five titles in the list of the plays, to "*Benedick and Betrice*,"—*Pyramus and Thisby*,—*Rosalinde*,—*Mr. Paroles*, and *Malvolio*."

It is lamentable to see how far party and prejudice will carry the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions. Milton, in his *Unconquered* censures king Charles for reading "one, whom," says he, "we well knew was the closet companion of his solitudes, *William Shakspeare*." FARMER.

Dr. Farmer might have observed, that the alterations of the titles are in his majesty's own hand-writing, materially differing from Sir Thomas Herbert's, of which the same volume affords more than one specimen. I learn from another manuscript note in it, that *John Lowine* acted *King Henry VIII.* and *Joseph Taylor* the part of *Hamlet*. The book is now in my possession.

To the concluding remark of Dr. Farmer, may be added the following passage from *An Appeal to all rational Men concerning King Charles's Trial*, by John Cooke, 1649: "Had he but studied scripture half so much as *Ben Jonson* or *Shakspeare*, he might have learnt that when Amariah was settled in the kingdom, he suddenly did justice upon those servants which killed his father Joash, &c." With this quotation I was furnished by Mr. Malone.

A quarto

• A quarto volume of plays attributed to Shakspeare, with his majesty's cypher on the back of it, is preserved in Mr. Garrick's collection.

STEEVENS.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-check is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comick; he is betrayed to ridicule, merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life. JOHNSON.

WINTER'S TALE.

Persons Represented.

Leontes, *King of Sicilia :*

Mamillius, *his son.*

Camillo,

Antigonus,

Cleomenes,

Dion,

} *Sicilian Lords.*

Another Sicilian Lord.

Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia :*

Florizel, *his son.*

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita :

Clown, his Son.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

Autolycus, *a Rogue.*

Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*

Emilia, *a Lady,*

Two other Ladies,

} *attending the Queen.*

Mopsa,

Dorcas,

} *Shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ; Satyrs for a dance ; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO, and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia,
on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot,
you

This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author;
and in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

"Our sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,

"Warbles his native wood-note wild."

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the mean-
ness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some
of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it
regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole
collection. WARBURTON.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A
booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Pastime*." STEEVENS.

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasant History of Dorastus
and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the king of Sicilia, whom Shakspeare names

Leontes, is called	_____	Egistus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia	_____	Pandosto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia	_____	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia	_____	Dorastus.
Camillo	_____	Franiel.
Old Shepherd	_____	Porrus.
Hermione	_____	Bellaria.
Perdita	_____	Fawnia.
Mopsa	_____	Mopsa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's
own invention; but many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the
play. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by "some of great name," means Dryden and Pope.
See the Essay at the end of the Second Part of the *Conquest of Granada*:
"Witness the sameness of their plots; [the plots of Shakspeare and
Fletcher;]

you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam.

Fletcher ;] many of which, especially those which they wrote first, (for even that age refined itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of a age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. [and here, by the way, Dryden expressly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as the *Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the same ill-considered judgment on the play before us. "I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *THE WINTER'S TALE*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramatick rules than the *Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakspeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them,"—it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, Sir Philip Sydney, who in his *Defence of Poesy*, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduck*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, nor a *nost of antiquas*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *TALERS*, *Tempests*, and such like drolleries." By the *nost of antiquas*, the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheep-shearing festival, are alluded to.—In his conversation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his beloved friend: "He [Jonson] said, that Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sence; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, *the Winter's Tale* was not printed. These words therefore are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle supposition that *Bohemia* was an error of the press for *Bybinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1611. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the histowick plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

" ————— for honour,

" 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,

" And only that stand for."

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born princess, and her likeness to her father, says, "*She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is another sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king:

" ————— 'Tis yours;

" And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

" So like you, 'tis the worse."

The *Winter's Tale* was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bybinia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was *not to believe* that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play, but I have met with a copy of it, which

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves²: for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd³, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppos'd winds⁴. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch.

which was printed in 1588.—Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the princess Micomicona land at Ostuna.—Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia “delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his dominions;” and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay “upon the sea.”—There is a similar mistake in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

¹ ² *Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, &c.*] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

We meet with nearly the same sentiment in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— Being unprepar'd,

“ Our will became the servant to defect,

“ Which else should free have wrought.” MAITON.

³ — *royally attorney'd,*] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppos'd winds.*] Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject^s, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more

imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship. *HENLEY.*

Vastum is the ancient term for waste uncultivated land. Over a *wast*, therefore means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Vast*, however, may be used for the sea, as in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

"Thou God of this great *wast*, rebuke the furies." *STEVEN.*

^s — *physicks the subject,*] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of alluaging the sense of misery. *JOHNSON.*

So, in *Macbeth*:

"The labour we delight in, *physicks* pain." *STEVEN.*

That

That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while ;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence : That may blow
No sneaping winds⁶ at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly ! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then ; and in that
I'll no gain'saying.

Pol. Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so ;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble : to save both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd⁸ ; say this to him,

⁶ — That may blow

No sneaping winds—] May there blow. JOHNSON.

In an old translation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciscans*
" St. Francis observing the holiness of friar Juniper, said to the priors,
"That I had a wood of such Junipers!" FARMER.

⁷ *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me say, *I had too good
reason for my fears* concerning what might happen in my absence from
home. MALONE.

⁸ — *this satisfaction &c.*] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of
the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

He's

He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :

But let him say so then, and let him go ;

But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

Yet of your royal presence [*to Polix.*] I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,

To let him there a month¹, behind the gift²

Prefix'd for his parting : yet, good-deed³, Leontes,

I love thee not a jar o'the clock³ behind

What lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows : But I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going!* Verily,

¹ — *I'll give him my commission,*

To let him there a month, { “ I'll give him my licence of absence, so as to obstruct or retard his departure for a month,” &c. To let him, however, may be used as many other reflexive verbs are by Shakspeare, for to let or hinder *himself* ; then the meaning will be, “ I'll give him my permission to tarry for a month,” &c. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors read, I think, without necessity,—I'll give *you* my commission, &c. MALONE.

² — *behind the gift* { *Gifts*, or rather *gifts*, from the Fr. *gifts*, (which signifies both a bed, and a lodging-place,) were the names of the houses or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a scroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furnished with a copy. MALONE.

³ — *good-deed*,] signifies *indeed*, in *very deed*, as Shakspeare in another place expresses it. *Good-deed* is used in the same sense by the earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne. STEEVENS.

³ — *a jar o'the clock*—] A *jar* is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock ; what children call the *ticking* of it. STEEVENS.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not suppose that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the seconds. See Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 241. TOLLET.

So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1610 :—“ the owle shrieking, the toades croaking, the *minutes* jerring, and the clocke striking twelve.” MALONE.

You

You shall not go ; a lady's verily is
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
 Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you ?
 My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread verily,
 One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam :
 To be your prisoner, should import offending ;
 Which is for me less easy to commit,
 Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
 But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
 Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys ;
 You were pretty lordings⁴ then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
 Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
 And bleat the one at the other : what we chang'd,
 Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd⁵
 That any did : Had we pursued that life,⁶
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
 Boldly, *Not guilty* ; the imposition clear'd,
 Hereditary ours⁶.

Her. By this we gather,

⁴ — *lordings*.—] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer.

STEVENS.

⁵ The doctrine of ill doing, nor dream'd] *Doctrin* is here used as a trisyllable. So *children*, *tickling*, and many others. The editor of the second folio inserted the word *no*, to supply a supposed defect in the metre, [—*no*, nor dream'd] and the interpolation was adopted in all the subsequent editions. MALONE.

⁶ — *the imposition clear'd*,

Hereditary curs.] i. e. setting aside *original sin* ; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils': Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What, have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere

7 Grace to boot!

Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,

Your queen and I are devils:] She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might seem to be sullied by a species of argument that made them appear to have led their husbands into temptation.

Grace or Heaven help me!—Do not argue in that manner; do not draw any conclusion or inference from your, and your friend's, having, since those days of childhood and innocence, become acquainted with your queen and me; for, as you have said that in the period between childhood and the present time temptations have been born to you, and as in that interval you have become acquainted with us, the inference or insinuation would be strong against us, as your corrupters, and, "by that kind of chase," your queen and I would be devils. MALONE.

With

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal^b;
 My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
 What was my first? it has an elder sister,
 Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
 But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
 Nay, let me have't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
 Three ^{crabbed} months had four'd themselves to death,
 Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
 And clap thyself my love^c; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed! —
 Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
 The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
 The other, for some while a friend. [*giving her hand to Pol.*
Leo. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*
 To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
 I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances;

^b But to the goal;] means, I think, but to come to an end or conclusion of this matter. MALONE.

^c And clap thyself my love;] She open'd her hand, to clap the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. So, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“—Speak, widow, is't a match?”

“Shall we clap it up?”

Again, in *King Henry V*:

“—and so clap hands, and a bargain.” STEEVENS.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakspeare often alludes. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“This is the band, which with a vow'd contract

“Was fast belock'd in thine.”

Again, in *King John*:

“*Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, close your hands.

“*Aust.* And your lips too, for I am well assur'd,

“That I did so, when I was first assur'd.”

So also, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a Com. by Middleton, 1657:

“There these young lovers shall clap bands together.”

See Vol. I. p. 52, n. 9.—I should not have given so many instances of this custom, but that I know Mr. Pope's reading—“And clepe thyself my love,” has many favourers. The old copy has—*A clap &c.* The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

^d It is Grace, indeed!] Referring to what she had just said—“O, would her name were Grace!” MALONE.

But

But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
 May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom ²,
 And well become the agent : it may, I grant :
 But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
 As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,
 As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
 'The mort o'the deer' ³ ; O, that is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
 Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks ?

Why, that's my bawcock ⁴. What, hast smutch'd thy nose ?
 They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
 We must be neat ⁵ ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
 Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling ⁶

[*observing* Polixenes and Hermione.]

Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf ?

Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough path, and the shoots that I
 have ⁷. To

² — from bounty, *fertile bosom*,] I suppose that a letter dropped out at the press, and would read—from bounty's fertile bosom. MALONE.

³ *The mort o'the deer* ;] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

⁴ *Why, that's my bawcock*.] Perhaps from *beak* and *cock*. It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. The word has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, and is one of the titles by which Pistol speaks of *K. Henry the Fifth*. STEVENS.

⁵ *We must be neat* ;—] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat* ; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for horned cattle, he says, *not neat, but cleanly*. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Still virginalling*] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the virginals. JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord. STEVENS.

A *virginal* was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a *piano forte*. MALONE.

⁷ *Thou want'st a rough path, and the shoots that I have*,] Not having
 Vol. IV. K ing

To be full like me⁸:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks⁹, as wind, as waters; false

ing met with the substantive *pass* in any English author, I once suspected that Shakspeare wrote—a rough *pass*. A hedge, when it is become too thin, is strengthened by cutting some of the long branches, and interweaving them with the *shoots* that remain. This process is at this day in some places called *passing*, and the branches so interwoven (which stand out, and consequently make the hedge rougher than it was before,) are termed *passes*. So, in *K. Henry V*:

“—her *hedges* even-*pleach'd*,—

“Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,

“Put forth disorder'd *twigs*.”

But I have lately learned that *pass* in Scotland signifies a *head*. The old reading therefore may stand. Many words, that are now used only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. In Turkey *basch*, and perhaps *pasch* also, has the same signification. Hence *Baschaw*, or, as it is sometimes written, *Pascha*. The meaning therefore of the present passage, I suppose, is this. *You tell me* (says Leontes to his son) *that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the horrid bull: thou wantest the rough head and the horns of that animal, completely to resemble your father.*

Sir T. Hanmer says, *Pax*, in Spanish is a *kiss*. If he could have shewn that *pax* or *pass*, was an English noun, and that it signified (not a *kiss*, but) a *face*, or *head*, his observation might have thrown some light on the passage before us; which it certainly does not at present. MALONE.

⁸ *To be full like me.*] *Full* is here as in other places, used by our author, adverbially,—to be entirely like me. MALONE.

⁹ *As o'er-dy'd blacks.*] Sir T. Hanmer understands, blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradesmen to dye their faded or damaged stuffs, black. *O'er-dy'd blacks* may mean those which have received a dye over their former colour.

There is a passage in *The old Law* of Massinger, which might lead us to offer another interpretation:

“Blacks are often such dissembling mourners,

“There is no credit given to't, it has lost

“All reputation by false sons and widows:

“I would not hear of blacks.”

It seems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

“—in so many blacks

“I'll have the church hung round.”

Black, however, will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it. “*Lanarum nigrae nullum colorem bibunt.*” Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. viii. STEVENS.

As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
 No bourn¹ 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
 To say, this boy were like me.—Come, fir page,
 Look on me with your welkin-eye²: Sweet villain!
 Most dear't! my collop³!—Can thy dam?—may't be?
 Affection! thy intention stabs the center⁴:
 Thou dost make possible, things not so held
 Communicat't with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent⁶,
 Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
 (And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hard'ning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

¹ No bourn—] *Bourn* is boundary. STEEVENS.

² — welkin-eye:] Blue eye; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky. JOHNSON.

³ — my collop!] So, in the *First Part of K. Henry VI.*

“God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh.” STEEVENS.

⁴ Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:] *Affection*, I believe, signifies *imagination*. Thus, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“*affections*,

“Masters of passion, sway it,” &c.

i. e. *imagination* govern our *passions*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expresses it, “when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitation of other ideas.” This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or, in Shakspeare's language,—*stabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately, “the disposition of the mind when strongly *affected* or possessed by a particular idea.” And in a kindred sense at least to this, it is used in the passage quoted from the *Merchant of Venice*, where the original reading is not *affections* but *affection*.—*Intention* is again used in the same sense as here, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:
 “She did so course o'er my exteriors, with such a greedy *intention*,” &c.

MALONE.

⁵ Thou dost make possible, things not so held,] i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. JOHNSON.

To express the speaker's meaning, it is necessary to make a short pause after the word *possible*. I have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in strictness it is improper. MALONE.

⁶ — credent,] i. e. credible. So, in *Measure for Measure*, ACT. IV. sc. v:

“For my authority bears a *credent* bulk.” STEEVENS.

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! [*aside.*]—Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil

Twenty three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

Lest it should bite its master⁷, and so prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This squash¹, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,

Will you take eggs for money²?

Mam.

⁷ *What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?*] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer had made the same emendation. MALONE.

⁸ *Are you mov'd, my lord?*] We have again the same expression on the same occasion, in *Orbello*:

Othel. "I see my Lord, you are mov'd."

Iago. "No, not much mov'd, not much." MALONE.

⁹ —my dagger muzzled,

Lest it should bite its master, &c.] So, in another place: "I have a sword will bite upon my necessity." And, in *King Lear*:

"I have seen the day with my good biting falchion

"I would have made them skip." HENLEY.

¹ *'This squash,*] See Vol. II. p. 488, n. 6. MALONE.

² *Will you take eggs for money?*] This seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a cuckold for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest, is said to be *cucullatus*, *cuckow'd*, or *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquillits?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. *Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight. SMITH.

I met

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole³—My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, ~~new~~ in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young lover, he's
Apparent⁴ to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

I meet with Shakspeare's phrase in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:—"I shall have eggs for my money; I must hang myself."

STEVENS.

Leontes seems only to ask his son, if he will fly from an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be taken in that sense: "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely as farre off, and the cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge, but after the first head *they will take eggs for their money*." Relations of the most famous Kingdoms and common wealths thorowout the world, quarto, 1650, p. 154. REED.

This phrase seems to me to have meant originally,—Are you such a poltron as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to me perfectly consistent with the passage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* seems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame snake*. MALONE.

³ — *bappy man be his dole*! May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *bappy man*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 164, n. 5; Vol. III. p. 262, n. 8; and Vol. V. p. 156, n. 6. MALONE.

⁴ *Apparent*—] That is, *beir apparent*, or the next claimant.

JOHNSON

We are yours i'the garden : Shall's attend you there ?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you : you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky :—I am angling now, [*aside.*
Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to ! [*observing Polix. and Her.*

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband ! Gone already ;
Inch-thick, knee-deep ; o'er head and ears a fork'd one⁶.

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whole issue
Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play ;—There have
been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds else now ;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she hath been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour : nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates ; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will : Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none ;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south : Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly ; know it ;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage : many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy ?

⁵ To her allowing husband !] *Allowing* in old language is *approving*. MALONE.

⁶ — a fork'd one.] That is, a *horned* one ; a *cuckold*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Othello* :

“ Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,

“ When we do quicken.” MALONE.

Mam.

Mam. I am like you, they say⁸.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—

[Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;

When you cast out, it still came home⁹.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material¹.

Leon. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already²; whispering, rounding³,
Sicilia is a—so forth⁴: 'Tis far gone,

••

When

⁸ — they say.] *They*, which was omitted in the original copy by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁹ — it still came home.] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, the anchor would not take hold. STEEVENS.

¹ — made

His business more material.] i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away. STEEVENS.

² *They're here with me already;*] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present. THAYER.

³ — *whispering, rounding,*] *To round in the ear*, is to whisper, or to tell secretly. The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

The word appears to have been sometimes written *rown*. See Speed's *Hist. of Great Britaine*, 1614, p. 906. MALONE.

⁴ *Sicilia is a—so forth:*] In regulating this line I have adopted a hint suggested by Mr. Malone. I have more than once observed that almost every abrupt sentence in these plays is corrupted. These words without the break now introduced are to me unintelligible. Leontes means,—I think I already hear my courtiers whispering to each other, “Sicilia is a *cuckhold*, a tame *cuckhold*,” to which (says he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;” for such, I suppose, the meaning of the words—*so forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckhold* from a horror of the very sound. I suspect, however, that our author wrote—*Sicilia is—and so forth*. So, in the *Mercant of Venice*: “I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following.”

When I shall gust it last. —How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinency;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking⁶, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes⁷,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. 'To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou

In the *Taming of the Shrew*, (see Vol. III. p. 247,) a line is printed
in the old copy with the same inaccuracy which we find here:

"And, when he says he is, say that he dreams." MALONE.

⁵ — *gust it*—] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

"Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus." JUV. Sat. 10. MALONE.

⁶ — *is soaking*,] Thy conceit is of an *absorbent* nature, will draw in
more, &c. seems to be the meaning. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *lower messes*,] I believe, *lower messes* is only used as an expres-
sion to signify the lowest degrees about the court. See *Anstis. Ord.*
Gart. i. App. p. 15: "The earl of Surry began the borde in presense:
the earl of Arundel washed with him, and sat both at the *first messe*." At
every great man's table the visitants were anciently, as at present,
placed according to their consequence or dignity, but with additional
marks of inferiority, viz. of sitting below the great saltceller placed in
the center of the table, and of having coarser provisions set before
them.—Inferiority of understanding is on this occasion comprehended
in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the different *messes* in the great families of our ancient
nobility, see the *Household Book* of the 5th Earl of Northumberland,
octavo, 1770. PERCY.

Hast

fast cleans'd my bosom ; I from thee departed
 my penitent reform'd : but we have been
 Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
 in that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon't ;—Thou art not honest : or,
 If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
 Which boxes honesty behind³, restraining
 from course requir'd : Or else thou must be counted
 A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
 And therein negligent : or else a fool ;
 That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
 And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
 In every one of these no man is free,
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Among the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth : In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,
 It was my folly ; if indutiously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance², 'twas a fear

Which

³ — *boxes honesty behind,*] To *box* is to ham-string. So, in Knolles's *Hist. of the Turks*: "— alighted, and with his sword *boxed* his horse." K. James VI. in his 11th Parliament, had an act to punish "*bochares*, or slayers of horse, oxen," &c. STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *bough*, i. e. to cut the *bough*, or ham-string. MALONE.

² *Whereof the execution did cry out*
Against the non-performance,] This is one of the expressions by which Shakspeare too frequently clouds his meaning. JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read—"the *now-performance*," which gives us this very reasonable meaning:—*As the execution whereof, such circumstances discovered themselves, as made it prudent to suspend all further proceeding in it.* HEATH.

I have preserved this note, because I think it a good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no doubt, that Shakspeare wrote

non-

Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think¹)

My
non-performance, he having often entangled himself in the same manner; but it is clear that he *should* have written, either—"against *the performance*," or—"for the non-performance." In the *Merchant of Venice* our author has entangled himself in the same manner: "I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation;" where either impediment should be *cause*, or to let him lack, should be, to prevent his obtaining. Again, in *King Lear*:

" ——— I have hope
" You *less* know how to value her desert,
" Than she to *scant* her duty."

Again, in the play before us:

" ——— I ne'er heard yet,
" That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
" *Less* impudence to gain-say what they did,
" Than to perform it first."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

" Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!" MALONE.

¹ ——— (for cogitation

Resides not in that man, that does not think)] Mr. Theobald in a letter subjoined to one edition of the *Double Falshood* has quoted this passage in defence of a well-known line in that play: "None but himself can be his parallel." "Who does not see at once (says he) that he who does not think, has no thought in him." In the same light this passage should seem to have appeared to all the subsequent editors, who read, with the editor of the second folio, "— that does not think it." But the old reading, I am persuaded, is right. This is not an abstract proposition. The whole context must be taken together. Have you not thought (says Leontes) my wife is slippery (for cogitation resides not in the man that does not think *my wife is slippery*)? The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it; and consequently the seeming absurdity attributed by Theobald to the passage, arises only from misapprehension. In this play, from what

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
Thou have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse²; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true³.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses⁴?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) nosing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web⁵, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

ever cause it has arisen, there are more involved and parenthetical sentences, than in any other of our author's. MALONE.

² — a *hobby-horse*;] Old Copy—*boly-horle*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ — — — — — were sin

As deep as that, though true.] i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that, (if committed,) for which you suspect her. WARE.

⁴ — meeting noses?] Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noses*; that is, *measuring noses*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — the pin and web,] Disorders in the eye. See *K. Lear*, Act III. sc. iv. STEVENS.

Leon.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
 I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
 Pronounce thee a gross lowt, and mindless slave;
 Or else a hovering temporizer, that
 Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
 Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
 Infected as her life, she would not live
 The running of one glass⁶.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like his medal⁷, hanging
 About his neck, Bohemia: Who,—if I
 Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,
 Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
 Which should undo more doing⁸: Ay, and thou,
 His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form
 Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
 Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
 How I am galled,—might'st be-spice a cup,
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink⁹;

⁶ — of one glass.] i. e., of one hour-glass. MALONE.

⁷ — like his medal,] The old copy has—her medal, which was evidently an error of the press, either in consequence of the compositor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being used in the Ms. In *As you like it* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, *her* and *his* are frequently confounded. See Vol. III. p. 229, n. 3. Theobald, I find, had made the same emendation.—In *K. Henry VIII.* we have again the same thought:

“ ——— a loss of her,

“ That like a jewel has hung twenty years

“ About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.”

It should be remembered that it was customary for gentlemen, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So, in *Honour in Perfection, or a Treatise in commendation of Henrie Earl of Oxford, Henrie Earl of Southampton, &c.* by Gervais Markham, 4to. 1624, p. 18.—“ he hath hung about the neck of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich jewel.” — The Knights of the Garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I. MALONE.

⁸ — lasting wink;] So, in the *Tempest*:

“ To the perpetual wink for aye might put

“ This ancient morfel.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — more doing:] The latter word is used here in a wanton sense. See Vol. II. p. 11, n. 5. MALONE.

Which

Which draught to me were cordial.

LEON. Sir, my lord,

I should do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison^o: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee¹,—

LEON. Make that thy question, and go rot²!

Do not think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,

To appoint myself in this vexation?

Sully the purity and whiteness of

My sheets, which to preserve, is sleep; which being³.

¹ ——— with no rash potion,—

Maliciously, like poison:] Rash is hasty, as in another place, rash gunpowder. Maliciously is malignantly, with effects openly hurtful.

JOHNSON.

² ——— But I cannot

*Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.*

I have lov'd thee,—] The commentators have differed much in explaining this passage, and some have wished to transfer the words—“I have lov'd thee,” from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words “being honourable” should be placed in a parenthesis, and the full-point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of these words, ought to be omitted. The sense will then be: *Having ever had the highest respect for you, and thought you so estimable and honourable a character, so worthy of the love of my mistress, I cannot believe that she has played you false, has dishonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the king instances of his love, and is interrupted. I see no sufficient reason for transferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's speech, to denote an abrupt speech. MALONE.

³ *Make that thy question, and go rot !]* This refers to what Camillo has just said, relative to the queen's chastity:

————— I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress.—

Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (i. e. Hermione's disloyalty, which is so clear a point,) a subject of debate or discussion, and go rot ! Do not thou think, I am such a fool as to torment myself, and to bring disgrace on me and my children, without sufficient grounds? MALONE.

Question in our author very often signifies *conversation*. See Vol. II. p. 54, n. 8. STEEVENS.

Spotted

Spotted, is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
 Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,
 Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
 Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
 Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
 I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
 Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
 Will take against your queen, as yours at first;
 Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
 The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
 Known and ally'd to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
 Even so as I mine own course have set down:
 I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
 Go then; and with a countenance as clear
 As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
 And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,
 Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
 Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
 Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[Exit LEONTES.]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
 What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
 Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
 Is the obedience to a master; one,
 Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
 All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,

³ *Could man so blench?*] To *blench* is to start off; to shrink. So, in *Hamlet*:

“—if he but *blench*,

“I know my course.”

Leontes means—could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour? STEEVENS.

Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't⁴: but since
Not brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forfake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself; even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me⁵; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
'That changes thus his manners,

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare
not

Be intelligent to me⁶? 'Tis thereabouts

⁴ *If I could find example &c.*] An allusion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time.

BLACKSTONE.

⁵ ———— *when he*

Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling

A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;] This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakspeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred. MASON.

⁶ *Do you know, and dare not*

Be intelligent to me?] i. e. *do you know, and dare not confess to me what you know?* TYRWHITT.

For,

For, to yourself, what you do know, you must ;
 And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
 Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
 Which shews me mine chang'd too : for I must be
 A party in this alteration, finding
 Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
 Which puts some of us in distemper ; but
 I cannot name the disease ; and it is caught
 Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How ! caught of me ?
 Make me not sighted like the basilisk :
 I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better,
 By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
 As you are certainly a gentleman ; thereto
 Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
 Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
 In whose success we are gentle',—I beseech you,
 If you know aught which does behove my knowledge,
 Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
 In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well !
 I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
 I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
 Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
 Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
 What incidency thou dost guess of harm
 Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
 Which way to be prevented, if to be ;
 If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you ;

*7 In whose success we are gentle,] I know not whether success here
 does not mean succession. JOHNSON.*

Gentle in the text is evidently opposed to simple ; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in The Infatuate Countess, 1631 :

“ And make thee gentle, being born a beggar.”

In whose success we are gentle, may mean in consequence of whose success in life, &c. STEEVENS.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of success the true one. MARSH.
 Since

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
 That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
 Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
 I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
 Carry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you⁸.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
 As he had seen't, or been an instrument
 To vice you to't⁹,—that you have touch'd his queen
 Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
 To an infected jelly; and my name
 Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!¹
 Turn then my freshest reputation to
 A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
 Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
 Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
 That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
 By each particular star in heaven, and
 By all their influences², you may as well

⁸ *I am appointed Him to murder you.*] i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

⁹ *To vice you to't,*] i. e. to draw, persuade you. WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff speaking of Falstaff: "*If he come but within my vice,*" &c. STEEVENS.

¹ — his, that did betray *the best*!] Perhaps *Judas*. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the first folio. HENDERSON.

² *Swear his thought over*

[*By each particular star in heaven, &c.*] *Swear his thought over* may perhaps mean, *over swear his present persuasion*, that is, endeavour to overcome his opinion, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars.

JOHNSON.
Swear his thought over may mean, Though you should endeavour to *swear away* his jealousy,—though you should strive, by your oaths, to change his present thoughts.—The vulgar still use a similar expression: "*To swear a person down.*" MALONE.

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabrick of his folly ; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith³, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclōsed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business ;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'the city : For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth : which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand ;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine⁴ : My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departur :
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever

3 ——— whose foundation

Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief. STEEVENS.

4 ——— and thy places shall

Still neighbour mine,] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—And thy faces shall, &c. Thou shalt be my conductor, and we will both pursue the same path.—The old reading however may mean,—wherever thou art, I will still be near thee. MALONE.

Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!⁵ Come, Camillo;
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
 The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

1. *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1. *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2. *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
 Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,

⁵ *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!] Comfort is, I apprehend, here used as a
 verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of
 danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her
 husband's jealousy;—the queen, who is the subject of his conversation,
 but without reason the object of his suspicion!—We meet with a similar
 phraseology in *Twelfth Night*: "Do me this courteous office, as to
 know of the knight, what my offence to him is; it is something of my
 negligence, nothing of my purpose." Dr. Warburton reads—the graci-
 ous queen's; i. e. "be expedition my friend, and comfort the queen's
 friend;" and Dr. Johnson thinks his emendation just. MALONE.

Become some women best ; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2. *Lady*. Who taught you this ⁶?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?

1. *Lady*. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2. *Lady*. Hark ye :

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1. *Lady*. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk ; Good time encounter her !

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come, fir, now
I am for you again : Pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter ⁷ :
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good fir :
Come on, sit down :—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights ; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard ;—I will tell it softly ;
You crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

⁶ *Who taught you this ?*] *You*, which is not in the old copy, / 125
added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁷ *A sad tale's best for winter :*] Hence, I suppose, the title of the
play. TYRWHITT.

This supposition may be countenanced by our author's 98th Sonnet

“ Yet not the lays of birds, &c.

“ Could make me any *summer's story* tell.” STEVENS.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1. *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
I ven to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I

In my just censure²? in my true opinion?—
A'ack, for lesser knowledge³!—How accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd⁴, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts⁵: I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true, that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing⁶; yea, a very trick

For

² *In my just censure?*] *Censure*, in the time of our author, was generally used, (as in this instance,) for judgment, opinion. So, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory verses prefixed to Gascoigne's *Steel Glass*, 1576:

"Wherefore, to write my *censure* of this book—" MALONE.

³ *A'ack, for lesser knowledge!*—] That is, *O that my knowledge were less.* JOHNSON.

⁴ *A spider steep'd,*] This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632: "—like the spider, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth." MALONE.

That spiders were esteemed venomous appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair. "The Countesse willed me to get the strongest poison that I could, &c. Accordingly I bought seven—great spiders, and cantharides." HENDERSON.

—*violent hefts:*] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up.

STEVENS.

⁶ *He hath discover'd my design, and I*

Remain a pinch'd thing;] The sense, I think, is, He hath now discovered my design, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing

For them to play at will :—How came the posterns
So easily open ?

1. *Lord.* By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy ; I am glad, you did not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her ;
Away with him :—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable* :
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use ;—O, I am out, o
That mercy does ; for calumny will fear
Virtue itself* :—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,

pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they
please. HEATH.

This sense is possible, but many other meanings might serve as well.

JOHNSON.
The sense proposed by the author of the *Revised* may be supported
by the following passage in the *City Match*, by Jasper Maine, 1639 :

" — *Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid

" Like fishes, fowls, or faces." STEEVENS.

The subsequent words—" a very trick for them to play at will," appear
strongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. MALONE.

* — *for calumny will fear*

Virtue itself : } That is, will stigmatize or brand as infamous. So,
in *All's Well that ends well* :

" — my maiden's name

" *Sear'd* otherwise." HENLEY.

When

When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest : But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake ⁵.

Don. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Left barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,
She's an adulteress ; I have said, with whom :
More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
A federary with her ⁶ ; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal ⁷, that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles ; say, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,

⁵ — you, my lord,
Do but mistake.] Otway had this passage in his thoughts, when he
put the following lines into the mouth of Castallo :

“ — Should the bravest man

“ That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper

“ What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars :

“ My friend may be mistaken.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *A federary with her ;*] *A federary* is a confederate, an accomplice.
STEEVENS.

⁷ *But with her most vile principal,*] One that knows what she should
be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast
and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—
But, which is here used for *only*, renders this passage somewhat ob-
scure. It has the same signification again in this scene :

“ He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
“ *But* that he speaks.” MALONE.

Privy to none of this : How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me ? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No ; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center ⁸ is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison :
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks ⁹.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities : 'but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown : 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so
'The king's will be perform'd !

Leon. Shall I be heard ? [to the guards.]

Her. Who is't, that goes with me ?—'beseech your
highness,

My women may be with me ; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools * ;
There is no cause : when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,

* — [If I mistake—

The center, &c.] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not
upport the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted.

JOHNSON:

⁹ *He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,*

But that he speaks.] Far off guilty, signifies, guilty in a remote de-
gree. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *K. Henry V* :

" Or shall we sparingly shew you *far off*

" The dauphin's meaning ?"

But that he speaks—means, in *merely speaking*. MALONE.

* — *good fools*] See p. 112, n. 7. MALONE.

As

As I come out ; this action ¹, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come ; you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

1. *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir ; lest your justice
Prove violence : in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1. *Lord.* For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ² ;
Then, when I feel, and see her, no farther trust her ³ ;

¹ — *this action* ;] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's sense, for *indictment, charge, or accusation*. JOHNSON.

We cannot say that a person *goes off* an indictment, charge, or accusation. I believe, Hermione only means, "What I am now about to do." MASON. See the latter part of n. 8, p. 156. MALONE.

² *If it prove*

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife ; &c.] If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight ; I'll always go in *couples* with her ; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a stable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is the place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I suppose, as well as our author, has occasionally seen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a stable. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day. To this practice perhaps he alludes in *King John* :

"To dive like buckets in concealed wells,

"To crouch in litter of your stable planks."

In the Teutonic language, *bund-stall*, or *dog-stable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *stable*, however may mean *station, stabilis statio*, and two distinct propositions may be intended. I'll keep my station in the same place where my wife is lodged ; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MALONE.

³ Then, *when I feel, and see her, &c.*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*Than when &c.* certainly not without ground, for *iban* was formerly spelt *tben* ; but here, I believe, the latter word was intended. MALONE.

For

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1. *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on *,
That will be damp'd for't ; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him † : Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ‡ ;

If

* — *some putter-on,*] Some instigator. See *Othello*, Act II. sc. last.
MALONE.

† *That will be damp'd for't ; 'would I knew the villain,*
I would land-damn him :] I am persuaded that this is a corruption,
and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding
line, or the transcriber was deceived by similitude of sounds.—What
the poet's word was, cannot now be ascertained ; but the sentiment was
probably similar to that in *Othello* :

" O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold," &c.
I believe, we should read—*land-dam ; i. e. kill him ; bury him in*
earth. So, in *King John* :

" His ears are stopp'd with *dust* ; he's *dead*."

Again, *ibid* :

" And stop this gap of breath with *some dust*."

Again, in *Kendal's Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577 :

" The corps clapt fast in clotted claye,

" That here engrav'd doth lie—." MALONE.

Land-damn is probably one of those words which caprice brought
into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove
irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the coun-*
try of him ; condemn him to quit the land. JOHNSON.

‡ *The second and the third, nine, and some five ;*] This line appears
obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both "*the second and*
the third." But it is sufficiently clear, *referendo singula singulis.* *The*
second is of the age of nine, and the third is some five years old. The
same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *K. Lear* :

" For that I am, *some* twelve or fourteen moonshines,

" Lag of a brother."

The editor of the second folio reads—*sons five ;* startled probably by
the difficulty that arises from the subsequent lines, the operation that
Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly
applicable to females. But for this, let our author answer. Bulwer in his
Artificial Changeling, 1656, shews it may be done. Shakspeare un-
doubtedly wrote *some* ; for were we, with the ignorant editor above-
mentioned

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself⁶, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't, and feel't;
As you feel, doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel⁷.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole duncy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1. *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow

mentioned, to read—*sons* five, then the second and third daughter would both be of the same age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reasonable to suppose. Besides; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but sons never. MALONE.

⁶ *And I had rather glib myself,*] For *glib*, I think, we should read—*lib*, which in the northern language is the same as *geld*. GREY.

Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this time current in many counties, where they say, to *glib* a boar, to *glib* a horse. STEEVENS.

⁷ — but I do see't, and feel't;

do you feel, doing thus, and see withal

The instruments that feel.] I see and feel my disgrace, as you, *Antigonus*, now feel me, on my doing thus to you, and as you now see the instruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— all the body's members

“ Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it —

“ That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.

“ ——— where, the other *instruments*

“ Did see, hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, &c.”

Leontes must here be supposed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or some other part, of *Antigonus*. See a subsequent note in the last scene of this act. MALONE.

Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
 Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness
 Imparts this : which,—if you (or stupified,
 Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
 Relish a truth⁸, like us ; inform yourselves,
 We need no more of your advice : the matter,
 The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
 Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
 You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
 Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be ?
 Either thou art most ignorant by age,
 Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
 Added to their familiarity,
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
 That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation⁹,
 But only seeing, all other circumstances
 Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding :
 Yet, for a greater confirmation,
 (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
 Most piteous to be wild,) I have dispatch'd in post,
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuff'd sufficiency¹ : Now, from the oracle

⁸ ——— which,—if you—

Relish a truth,—] Thus the old copy. Our author is frequently inaccurate in the construction of his sentences, and the conclusion of them do not always correspond with the beginning. So before, in this play :

“ ——— who,—if I

“ Had servants true about me,—

“ ——— they would do that,” &c.

The late editions read—*truth*, which is certainly more grammatical ; but a wish to reduce our author's phraseology to the modern standard, has been the source of much error in the regulation of his text.

MALONE.

⁹ — *nought for approbation*,] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for proof. JOHNSON.

¹ — *stuff'd sufficiency* ;] That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNSON.

They

WINTER'S TALE.

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They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

1. *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth : So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd ;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform *. Come, follow us ;
We are to speak in publick : for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*

»/t

S C E N E II.

The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady ?
No court in Europe is too good for thee ;
What dost thou then in prison ?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

Yon know me, do you not ?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam ; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,

* Lest that the treachery of the two, &c.] He has before declared,
that there is a plot against his life and crown, and that Hermione is
federary with Polixenes and Camillo. JOHNSON.

To

To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Attend.*]

Keep. And, madam, I must be present
At your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king³! beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister

³ *These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king*! I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify, *frantic, lunacy*. But it is a mode of expression with the French.—*Il y a de la lune*: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Catgrave. "*Lune, folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tete.*" Richelet.

THEOBALD.

The old copy has—*the king*. This slight correction was made by Mr. Stevens. MALONE.

And

And never to my red-look'd anger be
 The trumpet any more :—Pray you, Emilia,
 Commend my best obedience to the queen ;
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,
 I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
 Her advocate to th' loudest : We do not know
 How he may soften at the sight o'the child ;
 The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
 Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
 That your free undertaking cannot miss
 A thriving issue ; there is no lady living,
 So meet for this great errand : Please your ladyship
 To visit the next room, I'll presently
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
 Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
 Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
 I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
 As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
 I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
 I'll to the queen : please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
 I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
 Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
 The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,
 By law and process of great nature, thence
 Freed and enfranchis'd : not a party to
 The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,
 If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon
 Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONES, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain⁴, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1. *Atten.* My lord?

[*advancing.*]

Leon. How does the boy?

1. *Atten.* He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down-right languish'd.—Leave me solely⁵: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*]—Fye, fye! no thought
of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance⁶.—Let him be,

Un il

⁴ ——— out of the blank

And level of my brain,] Beyond the aim of any attempt that I can
make against him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *Leave me solely.*] That is, leave me alone. MASON.

⁶ *The very thought of my revenges that way,*

Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,

And in his parties, his alliance.—] So, in *Dorastus and Fawnia's*
Pandosfo, although he felt that *revenge* was a spur to warre, and
that envy alwayes proffereth Steele, yet he saw Egisthus was not only of
great

Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
 Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
 Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1. *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me :
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
 Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul ;
 More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1. *Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
 manded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir ;
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
 That creep like shadows by him, and do nigh
 At each his needless heavings,—such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
 Do come with words as med'cinal as true ;
 Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
 That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
 About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How ?—

Away with that audacious lady : Antigonus,
 I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me ;
 I know, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
 Your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Leon. What, can't not rule her ?

great puissance and prowess to withstand him, but also had many kings
 of his alliance to aid him, if need should serve ; for he married the
 Emperor of Russia's daughter." Our author, it is observable, whether
 from forgetfulness or design, has made this lady the wife (not of
 Egisthus, the Polixenes of this play, but) of Leontes. MALONE.

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils⁵,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good-queen! I say, good
queen;

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you⁶.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch⁷! Hence with her, out o'door:

A most

⁵ — in comforting your evils,] To comfort, in old language is to aid and encourage. It is still so used in legal proceedings — *There are mean wicked courses.* MALONE.

⁶ And would by combat make her good, so were I

A man, the worst about you.] The worst means only the *worst*. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards observes, that "The worst about you" may mean the weakest, or least warlike. So a better man, the best man in company, frequently refer to skill in fighting, not to moral goodness." I think he is right. MALONE.

⁷ A mankind witch!] A mankind woman, is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It

A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you

In so intitling me : and no less honest

Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard ;—

Thou, dotard, [*to Ant*] thou art woman-tyr'd^a, unrooted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;

Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone^b.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness^c !

has the same sense in this passage. Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women ; therefore Sir Hugh, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, " *that be does not like when a woman has a beard.*" JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599 :

" Why she is *mankind*, therefore thou may'st strike her."

Again, in A. Fraunce's *Ioiechurch* : he is speaking of the golden age :

" Sturdy Lyons lowted, noe wolfe was knowne to be *mankind*."

STEEVENS.

Mankind may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, mischief or wickedness, and *kind*, nature. TOLLET.

^a — *thou art woman-tyr'd* ;] *Woman tyr'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspere. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631 :

" ——— the vultur *tires*

" Upon the eagle's heart."

Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*.

STEEVENS.

^b — *thy crone*.] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croon* is an old toothless sheep ; thence an old woman. STEEVENS.

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness] Leontes had order'd Antigonus to *take up the bastard* ; Paulina forbids him to touch the princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

A *base* son was a common term in our author's time. So, in *K. Lear* :

" ——— Why brand they us

" With *base* ? with *baseness* ? bastardy ?" MALONE.

Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's¹, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was found.

Leon. A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles²;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it,
So like to him that got it, if thou hast

¹ — *his babe's*,] The female infant then on the stage. MALONE.

² — *his smiles*,] These two redundant words might be rejected, especially as the child has already been represented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples* and *frowns*. STEEVENS.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently take the liberty of using words of two syllables, as monosyllables. So *right*, *biggest*, *lower*, *either* &c. *Dimples* is, I believe, employed so here; and of *his*, when contracted, or sounded quickly, make but one syllable likewise. In this view there is no redundancy. MALONE.

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't³; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's⁴!

Leon. A gross hag!—

And, lozel⁵, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence. .

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something favours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world..

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

³ No yellow in't;] Yellow is the colour of jealousy. JOHNSON.

So, Nym says in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "I will possess him with yellowness." STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— lest she suspect, as he does,

⁵ Her children not her husband's! In the ardour of composition Shakspeare seems here to have forgotten the difference of sexes. No suspicion that the babe in question might entertain of her future husband's fidelity, could affect the legitimacy of her offspring. Unless she were herself a "bed-swarver," (which is not supposed,) she could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealousy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the present instance, a pang that it can never give.

MALONE.

⁵ And, lozel,] A lozel is a worthless fellow. STEEVENS.

"A lozel is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off, his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewd and careless of credit and honesty." *Verisigan's Requisition*, 1634, p. 335. REED.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.
 Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove send her
 A better guiding spirit !—What need these hands ?—
 You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
 Will never do him good, not one of you.
 So, so :—Farewel ; we are gone. [Exit.

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
 My child ? away with't !—even thou, that hast
 A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
 And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;
 Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :
 Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
 (And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
 With what thou else call'st thine : If thou refuse,
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
 The bastard brains with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;
 For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
 These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
 Can clear me in't.

1. Lord. We can ; my royal liege,
 He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1. Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit :
 We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech,
 So to esteem of us : And on our knees we beg,
 (As recompence of our dear services,
 Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose ;
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foul issue : We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows :—
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father ? Better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :
 It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither ;

[to Antigonus.

You, that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
 To save this bastard's life :—for 'tis a bastard,

So

So sure as this beard's grey⁶,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword⁷,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place⁸,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death

⁶ *So sure as this beard's grey,*] The king must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occasion, (see p. 155, n. 7.) it was intended, he should lay hold of. Leontes has himself told us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

⁷ *Swear by this sword,*] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. v. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *commend it strangely to some place,*] Commit it to some place, as a stranger, without more provision. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth*:

“I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,

“And so I do commend you to their backs.”

See Vol. V. p. 65, n. 9. MALONE.

Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit, with the child.*]

Leon. No, I'll not rear

Another's issue.

1. *Attend.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1. *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

2 — and blessing,] i. e. the favour of heaven. MALONE.

1 — condemn'd to loss.] i. e. to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents have lost. I once thought that *loss* was here licentious used for *destruction*; but that this was not the primary sense here intended, appears from a subsequent passage, Act III. sc. iii:

“ ——— Poor wretch,

“ That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd

“ To loss, and what may follow!” MALONE.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street in some town.

Enter CLEOMENES, and DION.*

Cleo. The climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;
Fertile the isle² ; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me³, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering !

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so !—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time⁴ is worth the use on't⁴.

Cleo. Great Apollo,

* — *Cleomenes and Dion.* These two names, and those of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's *Plutarch*. MALONE.

² *Fertile the isle ;* But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakspeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades.

WARBURTON.

In the *Hist. of Dorastus and Fautia*, the queen desires the king to send
" six of his noblemen whom he best trusted, to the isle of Delphos," &c.

STEVENS.

³ *For most it caught me,* It may relate to the whole spectacle.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *The time is worth the use on't.* If the event prove fortunate to the queen, the time which we have spent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath cost us. In other words, the happy issue of our journey will compensate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the same expression in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603 : " The common saying is, the time we live, is worth the money we pay for it." MALONE.

Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly *seated*.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: ~~The party~~ try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation^s.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence !

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded: PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camilla to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence^o whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Her-

^s Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—] Mr. Roderick observes; that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEVENS.

^o —pretence—] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a *design formed*; to pretend means to *design*, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

JOHNSON.

mione,

unione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation ; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself ; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty* : mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd ? But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience⁷.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least⁸ will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy ; which⁹ is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators : For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,

7 — *mine integrity, &c.*] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falsehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. MALONE.

It is frequently used in the former sense in *Orbello*, Act V :

“ He says, thou told'st him that his wife was *false*.”

Again :

“ — Thou art rash as fire.”

“ To say that she was *false*.” MALONE.

8 — *If powers divine*

Behold our human actions, (as they do,)

I doubt not then but innocence shall make

False accusation blush, and tyranny

Tremble at patience.]

Our author has here closely followed the novel of *Dorastus and Faunia*, 1588 : “ If the *divine powers* be privie to *human actions*, (as no doubt they are,) I hope my *patience* shall make *fortune blush*, and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit.”

MALONE.

9 Who least—] Old Copy—*Whom* least. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

9 — *which*—] That is, which unhappiness. MALONE.

To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
 Who please to come and hear, For life, I prize it¹
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare²: for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine³,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience⁴, sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd, to appear thus⁵: if one jot beyond

The

¹ — For life, I prize it &c.] *Life* is to me now only grief, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly submit it.

JOHNSON.

² I would spare?] To spare any thing is to let it go, to quit the possession of it. JOHNSON.

³ 'Tis a derivative from me to mine.] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, chap. iii. verse 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children." STEEVENS.

⁴ — I appeal

To your own conscience, &c.] So, in *Dorastus and Faunia*: "How I have led my life before Egisthus' coming, I appeal, Pundatio, to the Gods, and to thy conscience." MALONE.

⁵ — since he came,

With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd, to appear thus:] The sense seems to be this:—*What sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character?*

"— a noble nature

"May catch a wrench." Simon.

An uncurrent encounter seems to mean an irregular, unjustifiable congress. The sense would then be—In what base reciprocation of love have I caught this strain? *Uncurrent* is what will not pass, and is, at present, only apply'd to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of—*some strain in her character.* STEEVENS.

The precise meaning of the word *encounter* in this passage may be gathered from our author's use of it elsewhere:

"Who hath—

"Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

"A thousand times in secret." *Much ado about Nothing.*

Hero and Borachio are the persons spoken of. Again, in *Measure for Measure*: "We shall advise this wronged maid to read up your appointment,

The bound of honour ; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave !

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first⁶.

Her.

ment, go in your place : if the *encounter* acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence."

As, to pass or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the present passage, with his accustomed licence, uses the word *uncurrent* as synonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *strain'd*, may perhaps mean—I have *swerved* or deflected from the strict line of duty. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"Nor ought so good, but *strain'd* from that fair use,
"Revolts—"

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet :

"Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud *heart* go wide."

A bed-*swerver* has already occurred in this play.

"To appear *thus*," is, to appear in such an assembly as this ; to be put on my trial.

Mr. Mason has justly observed that this sentence is not interrogative, and that therefore there is no need of the transposition proposed by Dr. Johnson.—"Have I *strain'd*," &c. The construction is, "I appeal to your own conscience, with what encounter so *uncurrent* I have *strain'd*," &c. MASON.

⁶ *I ne'er heard yet,*

That any of these bolder vices wanted

Less impudence to gain-say what they did,

Than to perform it first.] It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *bad*. But Shakespeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's observation on this passage is so manifestly right, and our author's inaccuracy of construction in many passages of these plays, so well known to those who have studied his works, that the foregoing note requires no support. Yet an anonymous *Remarker* contests a proposition which I make no doubt to every other reader will appear self-evident,

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd⁶;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:

evident; and seems to think here, and in many other places, that by merely repeating Shakspeare's words, *Ye* has explained them. If *bad* is admissible in this sentence, in the place of *wanted*, (as it certainly is,) *wanted*, which is the reverse or contrary of *bad*, cannot be correct. See p. 138, n. 9. MALONE.

⁶ — For Polixenes

(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd; &c.] So, in *Dorastus and Faunus*: "What hath passed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale. That I lov'd Egisthus, I cannot deny; that I honour'd him, I shame not to confess.—But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egisthus is honest, and hope myself to be found without spot. For Franion, [Camillo,] I can neither accuse him nor excuse him. I was not privie to his departure. And that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I refer myselfe to the divine oracle."

MALONE.

My

My life stands in the level of your dreams⁷,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth⁸:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails⁹: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug¹⁰ which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life¹¹, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went; My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily¹², is from my breast

⁷ *My life stands in the level of your dreams,*] To be in the level is, by a metaphor from archery, to be within the reach. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *As you were past all shame,*
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:] Those of your fact, may mean,—those who have done as you do. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson would read *fact*, and Dr. Farmer *fact*; but that *fact* is the true reading, is proved decisively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his hand, both here, and in a former passage [“I ne'er heard yet, That any of these bolder vices” &c.]: “And as for her [said Pandosto] it was her part to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault.” MALONE.

⁹ *Which to deny, concerns more than avails:]* It is your business to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be useless; will prove nothing. MALONE.

¹¹ *The crown and comfort of my life,—]* The supreme blessing of my life. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“O that husband!

“My supreme crown of grief.” MALONE.

¹² *Starr'd most unluckily,*] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet.

STEEVENS.

The

'The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder : Myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet ; With immodest hatred,
 The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion ;—Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i'the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit³. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No ! life,
 I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honour,
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon furies ; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law⁴.—Your honours all,

³ *I have got strength of limit.*] I know not well how *strength of limit* can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the child-bed chamber, which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, *strength of limb*. And now, &c. JOHNSON.

Limit was anciently used for *limb*. STEEVENS.

In *Cymbeline* we meet with the word in a sense that may countenance Dr. Johnson's first explanation :

" A prison for a debtor, that not dares

" To stride a *limit*."

I believe the meaning is, before I have got strength enough to move even in a prescribed and limited space. In *Measure for Measure* *limit* is used for a prescribed and limited time : "—between the time of the contract and *limit* of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea." See also Vol. V. p. 112, n. 8. †

The third folio reads—*strength of limbs* ; but the emendation derives no authority from thence. MALONE.

Strength of limit is, the limited degree of strength, which is customary for women to acquire before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing. MASON.

⁴ ———— *I tell you,*

'Tis rigour, and not law.] This also is from the novel : " Bel-faria, no whit dismay'd with this rough reply, told her husband Pandosto, that he spake upon choller, and not conscience ; for her virtuous life had been such as no spot of suspicion could ever stayne. And if she had borne a friendly countenance to Egisthus, it was in respect he was his friend, and not for any lustling affection : therefore if she were condemn'd without any farther proofe, it was rigour and not law."

MALONE.

I do

I do refer me to the oracle ;
Apollo be my judge.

1. *Lord.* This your request

Is altogether just : therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :

O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. [*reads.*] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised !

Leon. Hast thou read truth ?

Off. Ay, my lord ; even so as it is here set down.

⁵ *The flatness of my misery ;*] That is, how low, how flat I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

So Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. ii :

“ — Thus repuls'd, our final hope

“ *Is flat despair.*” MALONE.

⁶ *Hermione is chaste, &c.*] This is almost literally from Lodge's novel :
“ *The Oracle.*

Suspicion is no proofe ; jealousy is an unequal judge ; Bellaria is chaste ; Egisthus blameless ; Tranion a true subject ; Pandosto treacherous ; his babe innocent ; and the king shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found,” MALONE.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed⁷, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Her. faints.*] How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and ladies, with HERMIONE.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New-woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For, being transported by my jealousies⁸

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd

My swift command⁹; though I with death, and with

⁷ *Of the queen's speed.*] Of the event of the queen's trial: so we still say, he sped well or ill. JOHNSON.

⁸ *But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd*

My swift command;] Here likewise our author has closely followed Greene: "—promising not only to shew himself a loyal and a loving husband; but also to reconcile himself to Egeithus and Tranion; revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his death, if that the good mind of his cup-bearer had not prevented his purpose." MALONE.

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
 Not doing it, and being done; he, most humane,
 And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
 Unclass'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great; and to the hazard
 Of all incertainties himself commended,
 No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
 Thorough my rust! and how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
 O, cut my lace; lest my heart cracking it,
 Break too!

1. Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
 What wheels? racks? fires? What slaying? boiling?
 In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
 Must I receive; whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
 Together working with thy jealousies,—
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
 And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;

— and to the hazard

[Of all incertainties himself commended.] In the original copy some word probably, of two syllables, was inadvertently omitted in the first of these lines. I believe the word omitted was either *doubtful*, or *fearful*. The editor of the second folio endeavoured to cure the defect by reading—the *certain* hazard; the most improper word that could have been chosen. How little attention the alterations made in that copy are entitled to, has been shewn in the preface to the present edition. *Commended* is committed. See p. 167, n. 8. MALONE.

[Does my deeds make the blacker!] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.

JOHNSON.

That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ungrateful²: nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour³,
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
 To be or none, or little; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't⁴:
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish fire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
 When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance
 for't
 Not dropp'd down yet.

1. *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee

² *That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,*

And damnable ungrateful:] This, by a mode of speech anciently much used, means only, *It show'd thee first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful.* JOHNSON.

Damnable is here used adverbially. See Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2.

MALONE.

³ *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,]* How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance. MALONE.

⁴ *—though a devil*

Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:] i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the dam'd, ere he would have committed such an action. STEEVENS.

To

To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1. *Lord.* Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't^s ;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent : Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief : Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman ;
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again !—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation : so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long,

^s *I am sorry for't ;*] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. JOHNSON.

I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these forrows.

[*Exeunt,*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then⁶, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow instantly,

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business.

[*Exit,*

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;

⁶ *Thou art perfect then,*] *Perfect* is often used by Shakspeare for
certain, well assured, or well informed. JOHNSON.

It is so used by almost all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

And,

And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,
*Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 I pray thee, call't: for this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shall see
 Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!*

[laying down the child.

There lie; and there thy character⁷: there these;

[laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
 And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
 That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewel!
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough⁸: I never saw

⁷ — *thy character*:] i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita. “—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they knew to be his character,” STEVENS.

⁸ — *thou art like to have*

A lullaby too rough:] So, in *Dorastus and Fannia*: “Shall thy tender mouth, instead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes? Shalt thou have the *whysling winds* for thy lullaby, and the salt sea-fomes, instead of sweet milke?” MALONE.

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour?⁹—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy¹. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne²! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A' pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hillos, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

⁹ — *A savage clamour?*] This *clamour* was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chase*, or, the *animal pursued*. JOHNSON.

¹ — *if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy.*] This also is from the novel: " [The Shepherd] fearing either that the wolves; or eagles had undone him, (for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substance,) wand'red downe towards the *sea-cliffes*, to see if perchance the *sheepe* was *brouzing* on the *sea-ivy*, whereon they doe greatly feed." MALONE.

² — *a barne! a very pretty barne!*] i. e. child. It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

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Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!

Clown. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

[*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now blest thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee;

[*Shep.* 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man.] I suppose the shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself; or perhaps Shakspere, who was conscious that he himself designed Antigonus for an old man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the shepherd who had never seen him. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding speech: "—nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman;" Mr. Steevens's second conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one.

MALONE.

look

look thee, a bearing-cloth⁴ for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see;—It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling⁵:—open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man⁶; if the fins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way⁷. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry⁸: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exit.

4 — a bearing-cloth—] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

5 — *some changeling*:] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen. STEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 458, n. 9. MALONE.

6 *You're a made old man*;] The old copy reads—*mad*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

This emendation is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: "The good man desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were *made* for ever." FARMER.

7 — *the next way*.] i. e. the nearest way. See Vol. V. p. 203, n. 7. MALONE.

8 *They are never curst, but when they are hungry*:] Curst, signifies *mischievous*. Thus the adage: *Curst cows* have short horns. HENLEY.

A C T IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
 Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error⁹,—
 Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
 To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
 To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
 O'er sixteen years¹, and leave the growth untry'd

Of

⁹ — *that make, and unfold error,*] *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it. STEVENS.

These very comments of Shakspeare prove, that time can both make and unfold error. MASON.

¹ — *that I slide*

O'er sixteen years,] This trespass, in respect of dramatick unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once famous Lilly's *Endymion*, or (as he himself calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by queen Elisabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the space of forty years. Endymion lying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lilly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdity than ever Shakspeare committed; for he supposes that Endymion's hair, features, and person, were changed by age during his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetstone, in the epistle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Measure for Measure* is formed,) had pointed out many of these absurdities and offences against the laws of the drama. It must be owned therefore that Shakspeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. "For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his comedies, that honest hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he presents on every common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this qualitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three houres runnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c. This quotation

Of that wide gap²; since it is in my power³
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
 Or what is now received: I witness to
 The times that brought them in; so shall I do
 To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
 The glistering of this present, as my tale
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
 The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
 That he shuts up himself; imagine me,

tion will serve to shew that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but like Achilles, denied that laws were designed to operate on beings confident of their own powers,⁴ and secure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEVENS.

² — and leave the growth untry'd.

Of that wide gap;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the gap of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a subsequent passage:

"I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,

"As you had slept between."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"Whom our fast-growing scene must find

"At Tharsus."

Gap, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *gap*, is likewise supported by the same play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, says,

"—learn of me, who stand in the gaps to teach you

"The stages of our story." MALONE.

³ — since it is in my power &c.] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he, who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any order or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods. JOHNSON,

Gentle

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Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time⁴: Of this allow⁵,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years⁶, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of

⁴ *Is the argument of time:] Argument is the same with subject.*

⁵ — *Of this allow,]* To allow in our author's time signified to *asp-
prove.* MALONE.

⁶ *It is fifteen years,]* We should read—*sixteen.* Time has just said:
— *that I slide*

O'er sixteen years—

Again, in *Act V. sc. iii:* "Which lets go by some *sixteen* years."—

Again, *ibid.* "Which *sixteen* winters cannot blow away." STEEVENS.
thee,

thee, thine own goodness hath made ; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee : thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done : which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study ; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships⁷. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more : whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother ; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son ? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtue.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince : What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown : but I have, missingly, noted⁸, he is of late much retired from court ; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo ; and with some care ; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness : from whom I have this intelligence ; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extend-

⁷ — to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study ; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.] That is, I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us. JOHNSON.

Friendships is, I believe, here used, with sufficient licence, merely for friendly offices. MALONE.

⁸ — but I have, missingly, noted,] I have observed him at intervals ; not constantly or regularly, but occasionally. STEEVENS.

ed more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle⁹ that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question¹ with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS², singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale³.

⁹ But, I fear the angle—] *Angle* in this place means a fishing-red, which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“ ——— He did win

“ The hearts of all that he did *angle* for.”

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“ She knew her distance, and did *angle* for me.” STEEVENS.

I know not whether *angle* is not here licentiously used for *bait*.

MALONE.

1. — [some question—] i. e. some talk. See Vol. II. p. 54, n. 8.

MALONE.

² — Autolycus—] *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father:

“ *Non fuit Autolyci tam piccata manus.*” Martial. STEEVENS.

³ For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.] The meaning is, the red, the spring blood now reigns o'er the parts lately under the dominion of winter. The English pale, the Irish pale, were frequent expressions in Shakspeare's time; and the words red and pale were chosen for the sake of the antithesis. FARMER:

The

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth⁴ on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts⁵—
With, hey! with, hey!⁶! the thrush and the jay:—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,⁷
While we lie tumbling in the ba⁸.*

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore
three-pile⁸; but now I am out of service:

⁴ —pugging tooth—] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read,—pugging tooth. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is used by Green in one of his pieces. And a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“Of cheaters, listers, nips, foists, puggards, curbers.”

See to prigge in *Minstrel*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *The lark, that tirra lirra chaunts,*] So in an ancient poem entitled, *The Silke Worms and their Flies*, 1599:

“Let Philomela sing, let Progne chide,

“Let Tyry-tyry leers upward flie—”

In the margin the author explains *Tyryleers* by its synonyme, *larks*. MALONE.

La gentille alouette avec son tire lire

Tire lire a lire et tire lirant tire, &c.

De Bartas.

Ecce suum tirile tirile, suum tirile tractat.

Linnaei Fauna Suecica.

T. H. W.

⁶ *With, hey! with, hey!]* The two latter words, which are not in the old copy, were introduced, for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁷ —my aunts,] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *baud*. In Middleton's comedy, called, *A Trick to catch the old one*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being used in that sense: “It was better bestow'd upon his uncle than one of his aunts, I need not say *baud*, for every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation.” STEEVENS.

⁸ —wore three-pile;] i. e. rich velvet. STEEVENS.

But

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets⁹; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a mapper-up of unconsidered trifles¹: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison²; and my revenue is the silly

⁹ *My traffick is sheets*] i. e. I am a vender of sheet ballads, and other publications that are sold unbound. From the word *sheets* the poet takes occasion to quibble.

“ Our fingers are lime-twigs, and barbers we be,

“ To catch *sheets* from hedges most pleasant to see.”

Three Ladies of London, 1584. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has mistaken the meaning of this passage. Autolycus does not yet appear in the character of a ballad-singer, which he assumed afterwards occasionally, in order to have an opportunity of exercising his real profession, that of thievery and picking of pockets. He means here merely to say that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with. He says in the preceding song,

“ The white sheet bleaching on the hedge

“ Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;”

and afterwards, that “ his revenue was thievery.” MASON.

¹ *My father named me, Autolycus, &c*] This whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from *his discourse on judicious astrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and is only on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely, because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was translated long before the time of Shakspeare. I have seen it, but it had no date.

STEEVENS.

² *With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison*] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress. PRACY.

cheat³: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way⁴: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling⁵; fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to.

Aut.

3 — *my revenue is the silly cheat:*] The *silly cheat* is one of the technical terms belonging to the art of *coney-catching* or *swivery*, which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means *picking pockets*. STEEVENS.

4 — *Gallows, and knock, &c.*] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.

5 *Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling:*] This passage, as it is exhibited in all the copies ancient and modern—"Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling," appears to me unintelligible, from a variety of mistakes. In the first place, no reason can, I believe, be assigned for the clown's choosing so singular a number as *eleven*, to form his calculation upon, in estimating the value of fifteen hundred fleeces. It is much more probable that, like Justice Shallow, he should have counted his wethers by the *score*. In the only authentick ancient copy of this play there is no appearance of elision, the word being printed thus, with a capital letter; —*Every Leaven wether &c.* Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—"Every *living* wether" &c. the only profit that can be gained from sheep while they are *living*, arising from their fleeces.

The other error seems to have arisen from our author's not having made the necessary calculation. In his "fallad days" (his father being a dealer in wool) he was perhaps not unacquainted with this subject; but having at a subsequent period discharged such masters from his mind, he probably left blanks in his *Mf.* intending to fill them up, which he should have gained the necessary information; and afterwards forgot them. If therefore my conjecture be right, the whole passage should be printed thus: "Every—*living* wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn," &c. and whether my conjecture concerning the word *'leven* be well or ill founded, the passage should certainly be printed with such marks of abruption, as are now placed in the text.

Dr. Farmer however observes to me, that, to *ted*, is used as a verb by dealers in wool: Thus they say, "Twenty sheep ought to *ted*" &c. If this word was so employed here, the text should be regulated thus:

Every

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clown. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*—What will this filter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers: three-man song-men all⁶, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases⁷: but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden-pies⁸; *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, seven; a *race*, or two, of ginger;—but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*groweling on the ground.*

Clown. I the name of me⁹,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clown. Alack, poor soul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, fir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, fir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Every seven weather tod;—; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling; &c. MALONE.

A tod is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

⁶ —three-man song-men all,] i. e. singers of catches in three parts. A fix-man song occurs in the *Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Rel. of Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

⁷ —means and bases:] A mean in musick is the *tenor*. See Vol. II. p. 411, n. 2. STEEVENS.

⁸ —warden-pies:] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. The French call this pear the *poire de garde*. STEEVENS.

⁹ I the name of me,—] This is a vulgar invocation, which I have often heard used. So, Sir Andrew Ague-check,—"Before me, the's a good wench." STEEVENS.

Aut. A foot-man, sweet fir, a foot-man.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O! good fir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good fir, softly, good fir! I fear, fir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear fir; [*picks his pocket.*] good fir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir; no, I beseech you, fir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart¹.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, fir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames²: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide³.

Aut. Vices I would say, fir. I know this man well:

¹ — *that kills my heart.*] See Vol. III. p. 173, n. 3. *MILTON:*

² — *with trol-my-dames:*] *Trou-madame*, French. *WARRINGTON.*

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone barbers*, he says: "The ladies, gentle women, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to trouble pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion: the pastyme trouble in madame is termed." *FARMER.*

The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house. *STEEVENS.*

³ — *abide.*] To *abide*, here, must signify, to *sojourn*, to live for a time without a settled habitation. *JOHNSON.*

• he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son², and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig⁴: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's⁵.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue⁵!

² — motion of the prodigal son,—] i. e. the puppet-show, then called *motions*: a term frequently occurring in our author. WARBURTON.

⁴ — Prig, for my life, prig:] To prig is to *filch*. MALONE.

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in the *Beggars Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavish beggar. WHALLEY.

⁵ — let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so. WARBURTON.

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a⁶ :
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires^{*} in a mile-a.*

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Fl. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life : no shepherdes ; but FLORA,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me⁷ ;
O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land⁸, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up⁹ : But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it¹ with a custom, I should blush

⁶ *And merrily hent the stile-a :*] To hent the stile, is to take hold of it. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 108, n. 2. MALONE.

^{*} — tires—] is used here as a disyllable. MALONE.

⁷ — your extremes,] That is, your excesses, the extravagance of your praises. JOHNSON.

By his extremes Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praises*, but the extravagance of his conduct in obscuring himself, in “a swain's wearing,” while he “pranked her up most goddess-like.” The following words, *O, pardon, that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning. MASON.

⁸ *The gracious mark o'the land,*] The object of all men's notice and expectation. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“He was the mark and glasse, copy and book,

“That fashion'd others.” MALONE.

⁹ — prank'd up :] To prank is to dress with ostentation. STEEVENS.

¹ *Digest it*—] The word *it* was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

To

To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass².

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground³.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!

To me, the difference forges dread⁴; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how

Should

² ——— *sworn*; I think,

To shew myself a glass.] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glass, you shew me how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me. WARBURTON.

I think she means only to say, that the prince, by the *rustick* habit that he wears, seems as if he had sworn to shew her a glass, in which she might behold how she *ought* to be attired, instead of being "most goddess-like prank'd up." The passage quoted in p. 193, from *King Henry IV.* P. II. confirms this interpretation. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. II. p. 358, a forester having given the princess a true representation of herself, she addresses him,—“Here, good my glass.” Florizel is here Perdita's glass. Sir T. Hanmer reads *sworn*, instead of *sworn*. There is in my opinion no need of change; and the words “to shew myself” appear to me inconsistent with that reading. MALONE.

³ *When my good falcon made her flight across*

Thy father's ground.] This circumstance is likewise taken from the novel: “—And as they returned, it fortuned that Dorastus (who all that day had been *hawking*, and killed store of game,) encountered by the way these two maides.” MALONE.

⁴ *To me, the difference forges dread;*] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. So, in *the Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“The course of true love never did run smooth,

“But either it was *different* in blood—.” MASON.

⁵ — *his work, so noble,*

Vilely bound up?] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love⁶, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob' god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desire
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,

This allusion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

"To beautify him only lacks a cover."

Again:

"That book in many eyes doth share the glory,

"That in gold clasps locks in the golden story." STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *The gods themselves,*

Humbling their deities to love;] This is taken almost literally from the novel: "The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then Fawnia? One something inferior to these in birth, but far superior to them in beauty; born to be a shepherdess, but worthy to be a goddess." Again: "And yet, Dorastus, shame not thy shepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thought; Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo, a shepherd: they gods, and yet in love;—thou a man, appointed to love." MALONE.

⁷ *O but, sir,*] The editor of the second folio reads—, dear sir; to complete the metre. But the addition is unnecessary; *burn* in the preceding hemistich being used as a disyllable. Perdita in a former part of this scene addresses Florizel in the same respectful manner as here: "Sir, my precious lord," &c. I formerly, not adverting to what has been now stated, proposed to take *your* from the subsequent line; but no change is necessary. MALONE.

Or

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts^a, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny fly, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
~~We~~ two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised as a Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and Others.

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast^b: Come on,

^a *With these forc'd thoughts.*] That is, thoughts far fetched, and not arising from the present objects. MASON.

^b *That which you are, mistress o'the feast:*] From the novel: "It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as *mistress of the feast*." MALONE.

And

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome!

[to Pol.

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o'the day:—You're welcome, sir! [to Cam.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and favour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both;
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,

(A fair one are you,) well you fit our acres
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature².

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,

¹ *Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,*] Rue was called herb of grace. Rosemary was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physick. STEEVENS.

Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with the same documents: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.—There's rue for you; we may call it herb of grace."—The qualities of retaining *seeming* and *favour*, appear to be the reason why these plants were considered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. HENLEY.

² *There is an art, &c.*] This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of some of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but being utterly impracticable is not worth exemplification. STEEVENS.

Which

Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler cyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,³
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put

The dibble⁴ in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given

³ — in gilly-flowers,] There is some further conceit relative to *gilly-flowers* than has yet been discovered. In a *Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following passage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his mistress as they are going into a garden, and after she has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: "You have fair roses, have you not?" "Yes, sir, (says she) but no *gilly-flowers*." Meaning perhaps that she would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. a wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I suppose *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilliflower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a wanton woman.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the same variability in this species of flowers:

" ——— the fond carnation loves to shoot

" Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, some sorts of *gilliflowers* are called *small bonesties*, *cuckoo gilliflowers*, &c. And in *A. W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poies*, is the following remark on this species of flower:

" Some thinke that *gilliflowers* do yield a *gelus* smell."

See Gascoigne's Works, 1587. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *dibble*—] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minstrel*. STEEV.

To

To men of middle age : You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock ;
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my fairest
friend,

I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours ;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing — O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,
'That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes⁶,

5 ——— O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon !] So, Ovid :

" ——— ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora,

" Collecti flores tunica cecidere remissis." STEEVENS.

6 ——— violets, dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,] I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the goddess of blue eyes. Sweeter than an eye-lid is an odd image : but perhaps he uses *sweeter* in the general sense, for *delightful*. JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes*. The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

——— *Εὐφροσύνη* H^{er}. Homer. STEEVENS.

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :

" ——— That eye was Juno's,

" Those lips were hers that won the golden ball,

" That virgin blush, Diana's."

Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lids* :

" Upon her eye-lids many graces sate,

" Under the shadow of her even brows."

Fairy Queen, B. II. c. iii. st. 25.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet* :

" When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear

" An hundred graces, in shade they sit." MALONE.

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Molt incident to maids; bold oxlips⁷, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms⁸. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitfun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing⁹,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

7 — bold oxlips,] The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself boldly in the face of the sun. Wallis, in his *Hist. of Northumberland*, says, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. STEEVENS.

8 — not to be buried,

But quick, and in mine arms.] So, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

"*Isab.* Heigh ho, you'll bury me, I see.

"*Rob.* In the swan's down, and tomb thee in my arms."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*; 1609:

" — O come, be buried

" A second time within these arms." MALONE.

9 — Each your doing, &c.] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

Per.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear², as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-lward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out³: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—

— but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,] So, Marlowe,
in his *Hero and Leander*:

"Through whose white skin, softer than foundest sleep,

"With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep."

The part of this poem that was written by Marlowe, was published, I believe, in 1593, but certainly before 1598, a Second Part or Continuation of it by H. Petowe having been printed in that year. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in September 1593, and is often quoted in a Collection of verses entitled *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the first two Sestiads, and about a hundred lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman. MALONE.

² I think, you have

As little skill to fear,—] You as little know how to fear that I am false, as &c. MALONE.

³ He tells her something,

That makes her blood look out:] That makes her blush.

THEOBALD.

The old copy has on't. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Mop.

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clown. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners⁴.—

Come, strike up.

[*Musick.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself⁵ To have a worthy feeding⁶: but I have it Upon his own report, and I believe it; He looks like sooth⁷: He says, he loves my daughter; I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read, As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain, I think, there is not half a kiss to choose, Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it, That should be silent: if young Doricles Do light upon her, she shall bring him that Which he not dreams of.

4 — *we stand &c.*] That is, we are now on our behaviour.

JOHNSON.
5 — *and he boasts himself*] The old copy reads—*and boasts himself*; which cannot, I think, be right. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*'a boasts himself*. MALONE.

6 — *a worthy feeding*:] I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a *tract* of pasturage not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is just. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf*:

"Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd

"To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd." STEEVENS.

Worthy signifies *valuable*, *substantial*. So Antonio says in *Twelfth Night*:

"But were my *worth* as is my conscience firm,

"You should find better dealing." MALONE.

7 *He looks like sooth*:] *Sooth* is truth. Obsolete. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down⁸, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves⁹: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without baudry, which is strange; with such delicate burdecks of dildos¹, and *sadings*²: *jump her and thump her*; and *where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would*, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*³.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares⁴?

Ser.

⁸ — *doleful matter merrily set down*,—] This seems to be another stroke aimed at the title-page of Preston's *Cambises*, "A lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth, &c." STEEVENS.

⁹ — *no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves*:] In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. MALONE.

¹ — *of dildos*,—] "With a hie dildo dill" is the burthen of the *Bachelor's Feast*, an ancient ballad: it is likewise called the tune of it.

STEEVENS.

² — *sadings*:] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court*, Vol. V. p. 421, 2:

"— and daunth a *sading* at te wedding." TYRWHITT.

³ — *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.] This was the name of an old song. In the famous history of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad to the tune of, "Ob! do me no harm, good man." FARMER.

⁴ — *unbraided wares*:] I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means,

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle⁵, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses⁶, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses: you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand⁷, and the work about the square on't.

Clown.

means, has he any thing beside *laces*, which are *bivided*, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlars. Yes, replies the servant, *he has ribbons*, &c. which are *things not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants; any thing worthy to be presented to his mistress: or, as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlars usually have not, to escape laying out his money at all. The following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to suppose that there is here some allusion which I cannot explain: "She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided ware*, and that you give not London measure." STERNE.

The clown is perhaps inquiring not for something better than common, but for smooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares, not twisted into braids? Mr. Mason is likewise of this opinion. Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all answer to this description. MALONE.

⁵ — *points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle.*] The points that afford Autolycus a subject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguillettes*, Fr. MALONE.

⁶ *Caddisses*,] *Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted tape. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name now made in France. *Leth* is a kind of tape also. MALONE.

⁷ — *sleeve-hand*,—] In Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemise*" is Englished "the wristband, or gathering at the *sleeve-band* of a shirt." Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. 293, king James's "shirt was broded with thred of gold;" and in p. 341, the word *sleeve-band* occurs, and seems to signify the cuffs of a furcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a smock. I conceive, that the *work about the square on't*, signifies the work or embroidery about the bottom part of a shirt, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons. So, in Fairfax's translation of *Tasso*, b. xii. st. 64:

"Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives

"Her curious *square*, emboss'd with swelling gold." TOLLET.

The following passage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewise

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in ; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clown. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sifter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow ;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces, and for noses ;
Bugle bracelet, neck-lace amber ;
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel ;
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come, buy, &c.*

Clown.

rend to the support of the ancient reading—*sleeve-band*. In a poem called *The Pejorative of a Curtizan*, he says :

" Their smockes are all bewrought about the necke and *bande*."

STEVENS.

The word *sleeve-band* is likewise used by P. Holland, in his Translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 19 : " — in his apparel he was noted for singularity, as who used to goe in his senatour's purple studded robe, trimmed with a jagge or frindge at the *sleeve-band*." MALONE.

" — *necklace-amber*,] Mr. Warton justly observes, (Milton's POEMS, octavo, p. 238,) that there should be only a comma after *amber*. " Autolyeus is puffing his female wares, and says that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *the Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iii. Petruccio mentions *amber bracelet*, beads," &c. MALONE.

" — *poking-sticks of steel*,] These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. So, in Middleton's Comedy of *Blurt Master Constant*, 1602 : " Your ruff must stand in pint, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands." Stowe informs us, that " about the sixteenth years

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

For. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole¹, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they ~~are~~ whispering: Clamour your tongues², and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come; you promised me a tawdry lace³, and a pair of sweet gloves⁴.

Clown.

yeere of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of Steele poking-sticks, and untill that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." STEEVENS.

¹ — kiln-hole,] The mouth of the oven. The word is spelt in the old copy *kiln-hole*, and I should have supposed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* desires Falstaff to "creep into the *kiln-hole*" and there the same false spelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer.

MALONE.

² Clamour your tongues,] The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. WARBURTON.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Give us grand peal, and then have done.* "A good Clam" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols) in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I suspect that Dr. Warburton's assertion is a mere *gratis dictum*.

In a note on *Orbelle*, Dr. Johnson says, that "to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the sound." If this be so, it affords an easy interpretation of the passage before us.

MALONE.

³ — you promised me a tawdry lace,] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in *Stinner*, by his friend Dr. Henshawe: "*Tawdrie lace, astrigmenta, umbra, seu fasciola, emta, Nundinis Sm. Ethelaredæ celebratis: Ut*

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life^s; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut.

recte monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe." Etymol. in voce. We find it in Spenser's *Pastorals*, April:

"And gird in your waist,

"For more fineness, with a *tawdry lace*." T. WARTON.

It may be worth while to observe that these *tawdry laces* were not the strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. So, in *The Four P's*, 1569:

"Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,

"*Laces round and flat for women's beads*."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the second:

"Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make

"Them *tawdries* for their necks."

In a marginal note it is observed that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches. STEEVENS.

4 — and a pair of *sweet gloves*.] Perfumed gloves are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sell

"*Gloves as sweet as damask roses*."

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not "make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queen [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things; and that yeare the queen had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of culled silke. The queen took such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeere after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*." Stowe's *Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868, col. 2. T. WARTON.

5 *I love a ballad in print, a'-life*:] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed,—or a life. The text, however, is right; only it should be printed thus:—a'life: So, it is in B. Jonson:

"—— thou lov'st a'-life

"Their perfum'd judgment."

This

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Tale-porter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad

This is the abbreviation, I suppose, of—at life; as a work is, of at work. TYRWHITT.

The restoration is certainly proper. So, in the *Ists of Gulls*, 1606: "I love them, a life too." A life is the reading of the only ancient copy of the *Winters Tale*, fol. 1623. STEVENS.

Why should I carry lies abroad? Perhaps Shakspeare remembered the following lines, which are found in Golding's Translation of Ovid, 1587, in the same page in which he read the story of Baucis and Philemon, to which he has alluded in *Much ado about Nothing*. They conclude the tale:

"These things did ancient men report of credite very good,

"For why, there was no cause that they should lie. As I there stood," &c. MALONE,

7 — a ballad, Of a fish,—] Perhaps in later times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these compositions) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play: "Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it." STEVENS.

— Of a fish that appeared upon the coast,—it was thought she was a woman,] In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman, from her waist upward, scene in the sea." To this it is highly probable that Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh^s with one that lov'd her : The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too : Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My

^s — for she would not exchange flesh — For has here the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello*: "Haply, for I am black." MALONE.

father and the gentlemen are in sad⁹ talk, and we'll not trouble them; come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both;—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Ans. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside.*]

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.*

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, and MOPSA.]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there is three cattars, three shepherds, three heat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair²; they call themselves, salt-tiers:

⁹ —[*sad*—] For *serious*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 513, n. 9. MALONE.

² *That doth utter all men's ware-a.*] To utter. To bring out, or produce. JOHNSON.

To utter is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and acts of parliament, and signifies, to vend by retail. From many instances I shall select the first which occurs. Stat. 21. Jac. I. c. 3, declares that the provisions therein contained shall not prejudice certain letters patent or commission granted to a corporation "concerning the licensing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or selling, uttering, or retailing of wines to be drunk or spent in the mansion-house of the party to selling or uttering the same." REED.

See Minshew's Dict. 1617: "An utterance, or sale." MALONE.

² —all men of hair;] *Men of hair*, are *bairy men*, or *satyrs*. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor

extinguish

tiers³: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling⁴;) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and 'not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire⁵.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir, [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with twelve rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter⁶.—Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him. JOHNSON.

³ — *they call themselves saltiers*:] He means *Satyrs*. Their dress was perhaps made of goat's skin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spanish writer, Lope de Rueda, "all the furniture and utensils of the actors consisted of four shepherds' jerkins, made of the skins of sheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four pastoral crooks—little more or less." Probably a similar shepherd's jerkin was used in our author's theatre. MALONE.

⁴ — *bowling*,]—] *Bowling*, I believe, is a term for a dance of smooth motion without great exertion of activity. JOHNSON.

The allusion is not to a smooth dance, but to the smoothness of a bowling green. MASON.

⁵ — *by the squire*.] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Espinette*, Fr. See Vol. II. p. 417, n. 1. MALONE.

⁶ *O, father, &c.*] This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance. MASON.

And

And handed love, as you do, I was wont
 To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd
 The pedler's filken treasury, and have pour'd it
 To her acceptance; you have let him go,
 And nothing marted with him: If your last
 Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
 Your lac^e of love, or bounty; you were straited
 For a reply, at least, if you make a care
 Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know,
 She prizes not such trifles as these are:
 The gifts, she looks from me, are rack'd and lock'd
 Up in my heart; which I have given already,
 But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
 Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
 Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
 As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,³
 That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
 How prettily the young swain seems to wash
 The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out—
 But, to your protestation; let me hear
 What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
 That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
 Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge.
 More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
 Without her love: for her, employ them all;
 Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,

¹ — who, it should seem,] Old Copy—whom. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² — or the fann'd snow,] So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“That pure congealed white, high Taurus' fann'd,”

“Fann'd by the eastern wind, turns to a crow,”

“When thou hold'st up thy hand.” STEEVENS.

Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better;
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The parity of his.

Shep. Take hands, & bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't;
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir?

— *dispute his own estate?* Does not this allude to the next heir
suing for the estate in cases of imbecillity, lunacy, &c. CHAMIER.

These words, I believe, only mean,—Can he maintain his right to
his own property? MALONE.

He

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
~~Something~~ unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choole himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this.
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young fir, [*discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force¹, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,

¹ — *who, of force,*] Old Copy — *whom.* Corrected by the editor
of the second folio. MALONE.

Far than² Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
 Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
 From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
 Worthy enough a herdman; yea, him too,
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
 Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or hoop his body³ more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
 As thou art tender to it.

[Exit]

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afraid⁴: for once, or twice,
 I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
 The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike⁵—Wilt please you, sir, be gone?

[to Florizel,

I told

² Far than—] I think for *far than* we should read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion, the common ancestor of all. JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *furthrr*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferre*. See the *Glossaries* to Robt. of Gloucester and Robt. of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened into *ferre*.

"But er I bere thee moche *ferre*." *H. of Pa.* B. 2. v. 92.

"Thus was it painted, I can say no *ferre*." *Knights Tale*, 2062.

TREWITT.

³ Or hoop his body—] The old copy has—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ I was not much afraid, &c.] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education.

WARBURTON.

⁵ I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,

The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on alike.] So, in *NOSCE TEIPSUM*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:

"Thou, like the sunne, dost, with indifferent ray,

"Into the palace and the cottage shine."

Looks

WINTER'S TALE.

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, now now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — O, sir, [*to Florizel.*
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd;
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust. — O cursed wretch!

[*to Perdita.*

That knew't this was the prince, and would't adventure
To mingle faith with him. — Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper⁶: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him:—and as hardly
Will he endure your fight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Looks on'alike is sense; but I suspect that a word was omitted at the press, and that the poet wrote, either—*Looks on both alike*, or, *Looks on all alike*. MALONE.

⁶ Where no priest shovels-in dull. This part of the priest's office might be remembered in Shakspeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

⁷ You know your father's temper. The old copy reads—*my father's*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Flo.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!⁸ Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy⁹: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir,

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. 'This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here¹ I cannot hold on shore;

⁸ *And mar the seeds within!*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"And nature's germins tumble all together." STEVENS.

⁹ — *and by my fancy*:] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 516, n. 1. STEVENS.

¹ — *whom here*—] Old Copy—*who*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

WINTER'S TALE.

213

And, most opportune to our need², I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern much the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perd.* *[takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. *Is Camillo*

Cam. He's irremovable
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

[Exit Flo.]

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,

² And, most opportune to our need.] The old copy has—for need.
The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

As heavens forefend ! your ruin :) marry her ;
 And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
 Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
 And bring him up to liking³.

Flo. How, Camillo,
 May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
 That I may call thee something more than man,
 And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
 A place, whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
 But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
 To what we wildly do⁴ ; to we profess
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance⁵, and flies
 Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me :
 This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
 But undergo this flight ;—Make for Sicilia ;
 And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
 (For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes ;

³ *And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)*

Your discontenting father strive to qualify,

And bring him up to liking.] And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to soften your incensed father, and reconcile him to the match ; to effect which, my best services shall not be wanting during your absence. Mr. Pope, without either authority or necessity, reads—*I'll strive to qualify*—which has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

Discontenting is in our author's language the same as *discontented*.

MALONE.

⁴ *But as the unthought-on accident is guilty*

To what we wildly do ;] Guilty so, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakspeare : and this is one of those passages that should caution us not to disturb his text merely because the language appears different from that now in use. See the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. II. p. 171, n. 5 :

“ But lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,

“ I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.” MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. MASON.

⁵ *Ourselves to be the slaves of chance,]* As chance has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to chance to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

She shall be habited, as it becomes
 The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
 Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son⁶, forgiveness,
 As 'twere i'the father's person : kisses the hands
 Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him
 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
 Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
 What colour for my visitation shall I
 Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father,
 To greet him, and to give him comfort. Sir,
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with
 What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
 Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :
 The which shall point you forth, at every sitting⁷,
 What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,
 But that you have your father's bosom there,
 And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
 There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
 Than a wild dedication of yourselves
 To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain,
 To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;
 But, as you shake off one, to take another :
 Nothing so certain, as your anchors ; who
 Do their best office, if they can but stay you
 Where you'll be loth to be : Besides, you know,
 Prosperity's the very bond of love ;
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together

⁶ — *asks thee, the son,*] The old copy reads—*thee there son*. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

⁷ — *at every sitting,*] Every sitting means at every audience you shall have of the king and council : the council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common speech, *the sittings*. WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, says : " My lord president hopes to be at the next *sitting* in York." FARMER.

Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind³.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding,⁴
She is i'the rear of birth⁵.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this ;
I'll blush you thanks⁶.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
The medicin of our house !—how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,⁷—one word.

[*They talk aside.*]

³ *But not take in the mind.*] *To take in* anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of. So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra* :

" He could so quickly cut the Ionian seas,

" And take in Toryne." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *i'the rear of birth.*] Old copy—*i'th'rear our birth.* Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The two redundant words in this line, *She is*, ought perhaps to be omitted. I suspect that they were introduced by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. MALONE.

⁵ *Your pardon sir, for this ;*

I'll blush you thanks.] Perhaps this passage should be rather pointed thus :

Your pardon, sir ; for this

I'll blush you thanks. MALONE.

Enter

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Ant. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have fold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander², brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallow'd³, and brought a benediction to the buyers: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoats, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket⁴, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL and PERDITA, come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes,—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?—

[*Seeing Autolycus.*

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

² — pomander,] A pomander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. GREY.

³ — as if my trinkets had been hallow'd,] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNSON.

⁴ — a placket,] See *King Lear*, A² III. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.

[*Aside.*]

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot^s.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough.

[*Aside.*]

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flea'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.—

[*Aside.*]

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.— [Flor. and Autol. exchange garments.]
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliking
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you^s;) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

^s — *her.*] That is, something over and above, or as we now say, something to boot. [JOHNSON.]

^o — over you,)] You, which seems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was added by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

Cam.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat :—
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, fir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot ?

Pray you, a word.

[*They converse apart.*]

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king
Of this escape. and whither they are bound ;
Wherein, my hopes, I shall so prevail,
To force him after : in whose company
I shall review Sicilia ; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us !—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it : To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purie ; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot ? what a boot is here, with this exchange ? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity ; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels : If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't : I

7 *If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't : &c.*] The reasoning of Autolycus is obscure, because something is suppressed. The prince, says he, is about a bad action, he is stealing away from his father : If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king, I would not do it, because that would be inconsistent with my profession of a knave ; but I know that the betraying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with respect to the prince, and therefore I might, consistently with my character, reveal that matter to the king, though a piece of honesty to him : however, I hold it a greater knavery to conceal the prince's scheme from the king, than to betray the prince ; and therefore, in concealing it, I am still constant to my profession.—Sir T. Hanmer and all the subsequent editors read—If I thought it were not a piece of honesty &c. I would do it : but words seldom stray from their places in so extraordinary a manner at the press : nor indeed do I perceive any need of change. MALONE.

hold it the more knavery to conceal it ; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside ;—here's more matter for a hot brain : Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see ; what a man you are now ! there is no other way, but to tell the king ~~me~~ a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her ; those secret things, all but what she has with her : 'This being done, let the law go whistle ; I warrant you. /

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him ; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce⁸.

Aut. Very wisely ; puppies !

[*Aside.*

Shep. Well ; let us to the king ; there is that in this farthel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance :—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement⁹.—How now, rusticks ? whither are you bound ?

Shep.

⁸ — and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.] I suspect that a word was omitted at the press. We might, I think, safely read—by I know not how much an ounce. Sir T. Hanmer, I find, had made the same emendation. MALONE.

⁹ — pedler's excrement.] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having*, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie†.

Clown. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner‡.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, and toze‡ from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either

So, in the *Comedy of Errors*: "Why is time such a niggard of his hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?" See also Vol. II. p. 396, n. 9. STEEVENS.

* — of what having,] i. e. fortune, estate. See Vol. I. p. 253, n. 5.

† — therefore they do not give us the lie.] The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lye, they sell it us.

‡ — with the manner.] In the fact. See Vol. II. p. 316, n. 8.

§ — insinuate and toze—] The old copy reads—*at toaze*. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable.

To *insinuate*, I believe, means here to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"With death she humbly doth *insinuate*, &c.

The word *toaze* is used in the same sense in *Measure for Measure*

"— We'll *toaze* you joint by joint,

"But we will know this purpose."

To *toaze*, says Minshieu, is, to pull, to tug. MALONE.

To *toaze*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the clown, who would not have understood the word *insinuate*, without such a comment on it. STEEVENS.

push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant³; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How blest'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth⁴.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'the farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

³ *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;*] As he was a suitor from the country, the clown supposes his father should have brought a present of game, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what advocate he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *a great man,—by the picking on's teeth.*] It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So, the Bastard, in *King John*, speaking of the travellers, says:

“He and his pick-tooth at my worship's mess.” JOHNSON.

Aut.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims⁵, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered⁶, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn

⁵ — *the hottest day prognostication proclaims,*] That is, *the hottest day foretold in the almanack.* JOHNSON.

⁶ — *being something gently considered,*] means, *I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, &c.* So, in the *Isle of Gulls*, 1606: "Thou shalt be well considered, there's twenty crowns in earnest." STEEVENS.

bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, and slay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be slay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange fights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sifter; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd, and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

¹ True, too true, my Lord.] The first of these words, in the old copy, makes part of Leontes' speech. The present regulation (which is certainly right) was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

² Or, from the all that are, took something good.] This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before. JOHNSON.

Paul.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue; [*to Leon,*
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,

9 — *the former queen is well?*] i. e. at rest; dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, this phrase is said to be peculiarly applicable to the dead:

“*Meff.* First, madam, he is *well*!”

“*Cleop.* Why there's more gold; but firrah, mark;

“We use to say, *the dead are well*; bring it to that,

“The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour

“Down thy ill-uttering throat.”

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Balthazar speaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be dead, says:

“Then she is *well*, and nothing can be ill.” MALONE.

I know,

I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her faintest spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*¹

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause².

¹ (*Where we offenders now appear,*) soul-vex'd,
Begin, And why to me?] The old copy reads—*And begin, why to me?* The transposition now adopted was proposed by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Theobald reads

— and on this stage

(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vex'd, &c.

Mr. Heath would read—(*Where we offenders now appear* &c. — that is, if we should now at last so far offend her." Mr. Mason thinks that the second line should be printed thus:

And begin, why? to me.

"that is, begin to call me to account." There is so much harsh and involved construction in this play, that I am not sure but the old copy, perplexed as the sentence may appear, is right. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus:

Again possess her corps, (and on this stage

Where we offenders now appear soul-vex'd,)

And begin, *why to me?*

Why to me *did you prefer one less worthy*, *Leontes* insinuates would be the purport of *Hermione's* speech. There is, I think, something awkward in the phrase—*Where we offenders now appear*. By removing the parenthesis, which in the old copy is placed after *appear*, to the end of the line, and applying the epithet *soul-vex'd* to *Leontes* and the rest who mourned the loss of *Hermione*, that difficulty is obviated. MALONE.

² *Had she such power,*

She had just cause.] The old copy reads—*She had just such cause.* But there is nothing to which the word *such* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the observation. — Since the foregoing remark was printed in the SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPP. to SHAKSP. 1783, I have observed that the editor of the third folio made the same correction. MALONE.

Leon.

Leon. She had ; and would incense * me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so :

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye ; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her : then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me ; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals !—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leon. Never, Paulina ; so be blest'd my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye³.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done⁴.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will ; give me the office
To choose you a queen : she shall not be so young
As was your former ; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath ;
Never till then.

* — *incense*—] is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of *insinuate*. MALONE.

³ *Affront his eye*.] To *affront*, is to *meet*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Paul. I have done.*] These three words in the old copy make part of the preceding speech. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires
Access to your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now⁵. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so⁶, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme⁷;) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equal'd;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

⁵ —so must thy grave

Give way to what's seen now.] Thy grave here means—thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent for the contents.

EDWARDS.

⁶ ——— Sir, you yourself

Have said, and writ so.] The reader must observe, that so relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that, she had not been—equal'd. JOHNSON.

Is colder than that theme:] i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione, the theme or subject of your writing. MALONE.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[*Exit* CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman,
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and
Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father! whom,—
Though bearing misery, I desire my life,
Once more to look on him^a.

Fl.

——— whom,—
*Though bearing misery, I desire my life,
Once more to look on him.]* For this incorrectness our author must
answer. There are many others of the same kind to be found in his
writing.

Flo. By his command
 Have I here touch'd Sicillia; and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend^o,
 Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
 (Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
 His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
 (He bade me say so) more than all the scepters,
 And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
 (Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, sir
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
 (At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
 The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
 She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
 That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
 daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her¹: thence
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
 To execute the charge my father gave me,
 For visiting your highness: My best train
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;

writings. Mr. Theobald, with more accuracy, but without necessity, omitted the word *him*, and to supply the metre, reads in the next line—
 “*Sir*, by his command,” &c. in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

^o — *that a king, at friend,*] Thus the old copy; but having met with no example of such phraseology, I suspect our author wrote—and friend.
It has already been printed for *and* in the play before us. MALONE.

¹ — *parting with her* :] i. e. at parting with her. MALONE.

VOL. IV.

R

Who

Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods²

Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's blest'd
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

² *The blessed gods—*] Unless both the words *bere* and *where* were employed in the preceding line as dissyllables, the metre is defective. We might read—The *over*-blessed gods—; but whether there was any omission, is very doubtful, for the reason already assigned. MALONE.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whole honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question³. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty⁴,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,

³ — in question.] i. e. in talk; under examination. See Vol. II. p. 54, n. 8; and Vol. III. p. 77, n. 2. MALONE.

⁴ Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty.] *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The king means that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

Our author often uses *worth* for *wealth*; which may also, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. MALONE.

Should chafe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now^s: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition [*to Flo.*
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1. Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business:—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes;

^s Remember since you ow'd no more to time, &c.,] Recollect the period when you were of my age, MALONE.

there

WINTER'S TALE.

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there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance^o were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2. *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to exprefs it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3. *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione's;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness^r, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

1. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld

—the importance—] here signifies import. MALONE.
—the affection of nobleness—] *Affection* here perhaps means disposition or quality. The word seems to be used nearly in the same sense in the following title: "The first set of Italian Madrigalls englished, set to the sense of the original ditty, but to the *affection* of the noate."
By Thomas Watfon, quarto. 1590. *Affection* is used in *Hamlet* for *affection*, but that can hardly be the meaning here. MALONE.

one joy crown another: so, and in such manner, that, seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her^a: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit^b of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it^c.

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shep-

^a — *with clipping her* i] i. e. embracing her. So, *Sidney*:

"He, who before shun'd her, to shun such harms,

"Now runs and takes her in his clipping arms." STEEVENS.

^b — *the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit*—] Conduits representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hodsdon in Herts. Shakspeare refers again to the same sort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

"Evermore showering!" HENLEY.

See Vol. III. p. 204, n. 6. *Weather-bitten* was in the third folio changed to *weather-beaten*; but there does not seem to be any necessity for the change. MALONE.

Hamlet says: "The air bites shrewdly;" and the Duke, in *As you like it*:—"when it bites and blows." *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *corroded* by the weather. STEEVENS.

^c — *I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.*] We have the same sentiment in *the Tempest*:

"For thou wilt find, she will outstrip all praise,

"And make it bald behind her."

Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

"————— a face

"That overges my blunt invention quite,

"Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace." MALONE.

herds

herd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, "from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there², changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *Gent.* No: The princess hearing of her mother's state, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano³; who, had he himself eternity,

—most marble there,] I think, *marble* here means, *hard hearted, unfeeling*. Mr. Steevens conceives that it means "most petrified with wonder." MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—now from head to foot

"I am marble constant." STEEVENS.

3 — that rare Italian master, Julio Romano;] This excellent artist

R 4

was

eternity, and could put breath into his work, would be-
guile nature of her custom⁴, so perfectly he is her ap-
peal: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they
say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer:
thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone;
and there they intend to sup.

was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, as
this tribute of praise must be owned, yet it was a strange absurdity,
sure, to thrust it into a tale, the action of which is supposed within the
period of heathenism, and whilst the oracles of Apollo were consulted.
This, however, was a known and wilful anachronism. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakspeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eter-
nity which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy.
Immortality may subsist without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning
only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would im-
mortalize nature. JOHNSON.

I wish we could understand this passage, as if *Julio Romano* had only
painted the statue carved by another. Ben Jonson makes Doctor Rut
in the *Magnetic Lady*, Act V. sc. viii. say:

"— all city statues must be painted,

"Else they be worth nought i' their subtil judgments."

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the
fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of
affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such,
however, was the practice of the time; and unless the supposed statue
of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her lip,
nor could the veins *verily seem to bear blood*, as the poet expresses it
afterwards. TOLLET.

Our author expressly says, in a subsequent passage, 'that it was paint-
ed; and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio
Romano:

"The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;

"You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own

"With *oily painting*." MALONE.

Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately provid-
ed by Sir William Hamilton in the *Mss.* accounts which accompany several
valuable drawings of the discoveries made at *Pompeii*, and presented by
him to our Antiquary Society, viz. that it was usual to colour statues
among the ancients. In the chapel of Isis in the place already men-
tioned, the image of that goddess had been painted over, as her robes
of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has since informed me, that Junius, on
the painting of the ancients, observes from Pausanias and Herodotus,
that sometimes the statues of the ancients were coloured after the man-
ner of pictures. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *of her custom*,] That is, *of her trade*, — would draw her custom-
ers from her. JOHNSON.

2. *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in mind; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house⁵. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access⁶? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

— that removed house.] *Removed is remote; retired.* See Vol. II. p. 8, n. 4; and Vol. III. n. 182, n. 3. MALONE.

What would be thence, that has the benefit of access? It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.

Clown.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so prosperous estate as we are.

Ant. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Ant. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it?, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands⁷, and that thou wilt be drunk; but

7 — franklins *say it,*] Franklin is a freeholder, or yeoman, a man above a villain, but not a gentleman. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 149, n. 2. MALONE.

⁸ — tall fellow of thy hands,] Tall, in that time, was the word used for stout. JOHNSON.

A man of his hands had anciently two significations. It either meant an adroit fellow who handled his weapon well, or a fellow skillful in shiverry. STEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 214, n. 4. I think, in old books it generally means a strong stout fellow. MALONE.

I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow
thy hands.

Ant. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do
not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not be-
ing a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and
the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's
picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Paulina's House.

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,

Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters.] The clown conceits
himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for
an inferior or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble com-
mendations, that he would be *good master* to him. Many letters written
at this period run in this style.

Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to
Cromwell, to relieve his want of clothing; "Furthermore I beseeche
you to be *gods master* unto one in my necessities, for I have neither shirt
nor fute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear."

WRALLEY.

So

So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
 Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
 Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
 Lonely, apart⁹: But here it is: prepare
 To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
 Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.

I like your silence, it the more shews off
 Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege,
 Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—

Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
 Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
 In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
 As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
 Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
 So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
 Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
 As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
 So much to my good comfort, as it is
 Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
 Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
 As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
 I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me,

9 ——— therefore I keep it

Lonely, apart:} The old copy reads—*lowly*, either by the cop-
 positor mistaking the Ms. or the inversion of the letter *n* at the p's.
 The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. In the Ms. of our
 author's time *n* and *l* are undistinguishable. The same error is found
 in many other places in the first folio. In *King Richard III.* we find
 this very error:

“Advantaging their *lowe* with interest

“Often times double.”

Here we have *lowe* instead of *lowe*, the old spelling of *lowe*. Again, in
All's well that ends well, Vol. III. p. 380, n. 9. See also Vol. IV.
 p. 292, n. 9. MALONE.

Lowly, in the old angular writing, cannot be distinguished from
lowly. To say, that I keep it *alone*, separate from the rest, is a pleonasm
 which scarcely any nicety declines. JOHNSON.

For

WINTER'S TALE.

253

For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience¹;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too fore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live²; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine³),
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—²
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that thole veins
I'd verily bear blood?

¹ O patience;] That is, Stay awhile, be not so angry. JOHNSON.
[The stone is mine,] So afterwards Paulina says, "—be stone
no more." So also Leontes: "Chide me, dear stone." MALONE.

² Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—] The sentence
completed is:—but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.
But there his passion made him break off. WARBURTON.

Pol.

Pol. Masterly done :

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't³,
As we are mock'd with art⁴.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain ;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together ;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you : but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

[*The fixure of her eye has motion in't,*] So, in our author's 88th Sonnet :

" — Your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,

" Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived." MALONE.

The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a statue always is,] yet it seems to have motion in it : that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever or, endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

The word *fixure*, which Shakspeare has used both in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Titulus and Cressida*, is likewise employed by Drayton in the first canto of the *Barons' Wars* :

" Whose glorious *fixure* in so clear a day." STEEVENS.

⁴ As we are mock'd with art.] *As* is used by our author here, as in some other places, for "as if." Thus, in *Cymbeline* :

" He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,

" And she alone were cold."

Again, in *Macbeth* :

" As they had seen me with these hangman's hands

" Lift'ning their fear." MALONE.

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or, those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick; awake her: strike.— [Musick.
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:

[Hermione comes from the pedestal:
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [Embracing her.
If this be magick, let it be an art
As useful as eating.

Paul. She embraces him.

[Or, those,] The old copy reads—On: those, &c. Corrected by Sir
T. HAMMER. MALONE.

Cam.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If the pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
'Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces⁶
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all⁷; your exultation
Partake to every one⁸: I, an old turtle⁹,

Will

⁶ *And from your sacred vials pour your graces—*] The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings: "And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the angels, go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth." Rev. xvi.

MARSH.

⁷ *You precious winners all;*] You who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— your exultation

Partake to every one:] Partake here means participate. It is used in the same sense in the old play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. MARSH.

⁹ ——— I, an old turtle,

Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there

My mate, that's never to be found again,

Lament till I am lost.] So Orpheus, in the exclamation which
Johanne

- Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
 My mate, that's never to be found again,
 Lament, till I am lost.
- Leon.* O peace, Paulina;
 Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
 As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
 And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
 But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
 As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
 A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
 (For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
 An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
 And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,
 Is richly noted; and here justify'd
 By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
 What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
 That e'er I put between your holy looks
 My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
 And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
 Is troth-pledge to your daughter.—Good Paulina,

Johannes Secundus has written for him, speaking of his grief for the loss of Eurydice, says:

"Sic gemit arenti viduatus ab arbore turtur."

So, in Lodge's *Roselynde*, 1592:

"A turtle sat upon a leavess tree,

"Mourning her absent pbeere,

"With sad and sorry chere:

"And whilst her plumes she rents,

"And for her love laments," &c. MALONE.

"—This your son-in-law,

And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)

Is troth-pledge to your daughter.—] *Whom heavens directing* is here in the absolute case, and has the same signification as if the poet had written—"him heavens directing." So, in *The Tempest*:

"Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

"A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

"Out of his charity, (who being then appointed

"of the design,) did give us."

See also a passage in *King John*, Act II. sc. ii. "*Who having no external thing to lose,*" &c. and another in *Coriolanus*, Vol. VII. p. 239, n. 5, which are constructed in a similar manner. In the note on the latter passage this phraseology is proved not to be peculiar to Shakspeare. MALONE.

Lead us from hence ; where we may leifurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, fince firft
We were diffever'd : Haftily lead away².

[*Exeunt.*]

² This play, as Dr. Warburton juftly obferves, is, with all its abfurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and ftrongly reprefented. JOHNSON.

М А С В Е Т Н.

Persons Represented.

Duncan, *King of Scotland :*

Malcolm, } *his Sons.*
 Donalbain, }

Macbeth, } *Generals of the King's army.*
 Banquo, }

Macduff, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
 Lenox, }
 Ross, }
 Menteth, }

Angus, }
 Cathness, }

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces :*

Young Siward, *his Son.*

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England ; through the rest of the play, in Scotland : — and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.

M A C B E T H.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches¹.

1. *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2. *Witch.*

¹ Malcolm II. king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the Isles, and western parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male issue, Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's second daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin germain, Macbeth, in the castle of Inverness, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whose history of Scotland was first printed in seventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus describes the event which forms the basis of the tragedy before us: "Makbeth, be persuasion of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counsall at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happenait to be for y^e tyme. And because he fand sufficient opportunitie, be support of Bangubo and otheris his friendis, he slew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth "come with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne." *Chronicles of Scotland*, translated by John Ballenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was himself slain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time King Edward the Confessor possessed the throne of England. Holinshed copied the history of Boethius, and of Holinshed's relation Shakspeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been blundered by the people of Lochaber in the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they flew the *ferjeam* at arms who summoned them, and chose one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald speedily collected a considerable force

2. *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won²:

3. *Witch.*

forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish nobleman, who was (says Boethius) "Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber," was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochaber, first slew his wife and children, and then himself. Macbeth on entering the castle finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, Sueno king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and after a great slaughter of his troops he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdowald and the invasion of Sueno, our author has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. "*Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed, quia theatris aut Miletis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historia, ea omitto.*" *RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII.* But there was no translation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy, was written, I believe, in the year 1606. See the notes at the end; and *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

² *Enter three Witches.*] In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally

³ *When the battle's lost and won:*] i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. WARBURTON.

3. *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1. *Witch*. Where the place?

2. *Witch.*

universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their successes to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olym-piodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magick, and having promised ~~young~~ *young* ~~barbarians~~ *barbarians* ~~to perform great things against the Barbarians without~~ *to perform great things against the Barbarians without* soldiers, was, at the instances of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress shewed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Assurbis dii ira vocis et clamoris sui metropolis tremit: dii sunt palatium, et templum et alia quævis, et æcon youtilas magna sui istar.* Let him then proceed to shew him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic. Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

2. *Witch.* Upon the heath :

3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth⁴.

1. *Witch.*

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually encreasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his accession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall says a village in Lancashire,

4 There to meet with Macbeth.] There is here used as a dissyllable.
MALONE.

1. *Witch*. I come, Gray-malkin⁵!

All. Paddock calls⁶:—Anon.—

Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

⁵ —*Gray-malkin*!] From a little black letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, I find it was permitted to a witch to take on her a cat's body nine times. Mr. Upton observes, that to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

Again, in *News from Scotland*, &c. (a pamphlet of which the reader will find the entire title in a future note on this play): "Moreover she confessed, that at the time when his majestie was in Denmarke, shee being accompanied with the parties before especially mentioned, tooke a cat, and christened it, and afterwards bound to each part of the cat, the cheefest part of a dead man, and several joints of his bodie, and that in the night following the said cat was conveyed into the middest of the sea, by all these witches sayling in their riddles or cives, as is aforesaid, and so left the said cat right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone, there did arise such a tempest at sea, as a greater hath not been seene," &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Paddock calls*.—] According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturalists, a frog is called a *paddock* in the North; as in the following instance in *Caesar and Pompey*, by Chapman, 1607:

"—*paddockes*, todes, and watersnakes."

In Shakspeare, however, it certainly means a toad. The representation of St. James in the witches' house (one of the set of prints taken from the painter called *Hellish Bruegel*, 1566) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms; and before the fire sit *grimalkin* and *paddock*, i. e. a cat and a toad, with several baboons. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it, cutting out the tongue of a snake, as an ingredient for the charm. A representation somewhat similar like this occurs in *News from Scotland*, a pamphlet already quoted.

STEEVENS.

"—Some say, they [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likeness of todes and cats." *Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft*, [1584,] Book. I. c. 4. TOLLET.

Fair

Fair is foul, and foul is fair⁷ :
 Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Witches vanish.*]

S C E N E II.

A Camp near Forcs.

Alarm within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
 As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
 The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant⁸,
 Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
 'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,

⁷ *Fair is foul, and foul is fair :*] i. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, speaking of this day, soon after says:
So foul and fair a day I have not seen. WARBURTON.

The common idea of witches has always been, that they had absolute power over the weather, and could raise storms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleased. In conformity to this notion, Macbeth addresses them in the fourth act :

"Though you untie the winds," &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, that to us, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair.* JOHNSON.

This expression seems to have been proverbial. Spenser has it in the 4th book of the *Faery Queen* :

"Then fair grew foul, and foul grew fair in fight." FARMER.

⁸ *This is the serjeant,*] Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakspeare in his historical plays ; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expressions. That historian, in his account of Macdowald's rebellion, mentions, that on the first appearance of a mutinous spirit among the people, the king sent a *serjeant at arms* into the country, to bring up the chief offenders, to answer the charge preferred against them ; but they, instead of obeying, *misused the messenger with sundry reproaches, and finally slew him.* This *serjeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding serjeant* introduced on the present occasion. Shakspeare just caught the name from Holinshed, but the rest of the story not suiting his purpose, he does not adhere to it. The stage direction of entrance, where the *bleeding captain* is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of the poet. STEEVENS.

As thou didst leave it.

Sol. Doubtful it stood ;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald^a
(Worthy to be a rebel ; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd¹ ;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling²,

Shew'd

9 *The merciless Macdonwald*] According to Holinshed we should read—*Macdowald*. STEVENS.

So also the Scottish Chronicles. However, as it is possible that Shakespeare might have preferred the name that has been substituted, as better sounding, I have adhered to the reading of the folio, 1623. It appears from a subsequent scene that he had attentively read Holinshed's account of the murder of king Duff, by *Donwald*, Lieutenant of the castle of Fores ; in consequence of which he might, either from inadvertence or choice, have here written—*Macdonwald*. MALONE.

— *from the western isles*

Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd ;] *Kernes* were light-armed, and *Gallow-glasses* heavy-armed, Irish foot-soldiers. WARREN.

Of and with are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. So, in *God's Revenge against Murder*, hist. vi. " Syponthus in the mean time is prepared of two wicked gondaliers, &c." Again, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Sun*, bl. l. no date : " — he was well furnished of spear, sword, and armour, &c." These are a few out of a thousand instances which might be brought to the same purpose.

STEVENS.

The old copy has *Gallow-grosses*. Corrected by the editor of the Second folio. MALONE.

² *And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,*] The old copy has—*quarry* ; but I am inclined to read *quarrel*. *Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for the occasion of a quarrel, and is to be found in that sense in Holinshed's account of the story of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the prince of Cumberland, thought, says the historian, that he had a just quarrel to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c. JOHNSON.

The word *quarrel* occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very fact, and might be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakespeare : " Out of the western isles there came to Macdowald a multitude of people, to assist him in that rebellious quarrel." Besides, *Macdowald's quarry*, (i. e. game) must have consisted of *Duncan's friends*, and would the speaker then have applied the epithet—*damned* to them ? and what have the smiles of fortune to do over a carnage, when we have defeated our enemies ? Her business is then

Shew'd like a rebel's whore * : But all's too weak :
 For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
 Till he fac'd the slave :
 Which ne'er shook hands †, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops ‡,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

then at an end. Her smiles or frowns are no longer of any consequence. We only talk of these, while we are pursuing our *quarrel*, and the event of it is uncertain. STEEVENS.

The reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, and his explanation of it, are strongly supported by a passage in our author's *King Jobn* :

" — and put his *cause* and *quarrel*

" To the disposing of the cardinal."

Again, in this play of *Macbeth* :

" — and the chance, of goodness,

" Be like our warranted *quarrel*."

Here we have *warranted quarrel*, the exact opposite of *damned quarrel*, as the text is now regulated.—Lord Bacon, in his *Essays*, uses the word in the same sense : " Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses ; so as a man may have a *quarrel* to marry, when he will." MALONE.

* *Shew'd like a rebel's whore* :] I suppose the meaning is, that fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him. Shakspeare probably alludes to Macdowald's first successful action, elated by which he attempted to pursue his fortune, but lost his life. See p. 262. MALONE.

† Which ne'er shook hands,] Mr. Pope, instead of *which*, here and in many other places, reads—*who*. But there is no need of change. There is scarcely one of our author's plays in which he has not used *which* for *who*. So, in *the Winter's Tale*, p. 246 : " — the old shepherd, *which* stands by," &c. See Vol. II. p. 419, n. 7 ; and Vol. III. p. 30, n. 2. MALONE

‡ — he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,] Dr. Warburton, instead of *nave*, reads—*nape* ; but the old reading (as Mr. Steevens has observed) is fully justified by a passage in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, a tragedy, by C. Marlowe and T. Nashe, 1594 :

" Then from the *nave* to the throat at once

" He ripp'd old Priam."

Again, by the following passage in an unpublished play, entitled *The Wuch*, by Thomas Middleton, in which the same wound is described, though the stroke is reversed :

" Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from neck to *NAVEL*,

" Though there's small glory in't." MALONE.

Sol.

Sol. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion⁵
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break⁶;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells⁷. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sol. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks⁸;

So

⁵ *As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion*] The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this: *As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invasion.* The natural history of the winds, &c. is foreign to the explanation of this passage. Shakspeare does not mean, in conformity to any theory, to say that storms generally come from the east. If it be allowed that they sometimes issue from that quarter, it is sufficient for the purpose of his comparison. STEEVENS.

The natural history of the winds, &c. was idly introduced on this occasion by Dr. Warburton. Sir William Davenant's reading of this passage, in an alteration of this play, published in quarto, in 1674, affords a reasonably good comment upon it:

"But when this day break of our victory

"Sery'd but to light us into other dangers,

"That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise."

MALONE.

⁶ — *thunders break*;] The word *break* is wanting in the oldest copy. The other *Quios* and *Rowe* read—*breaking*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. STEEVENS.

Break, which was suggested by the reading of the second folio, is very unlikely to have been the word omitted in the original copy. It agrees with thunders;—but whoever talked of the *breaking* of a storm? MALONE.

⁷ *Discomfort swells.*] *Discomfort* the natural opposite to *comfort*.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks*;] That is, with double charges; a metonymy of the effect for the cause. HEATH.

Crack!

So they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe²:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha³,
 I cannot tell:—
 But I am faint, my gaspes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
 They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Enter Rosse and Angus⁴.

Who comes here⁵?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes? So should
 he look,

That seems to speak things strange⁶.

Rosse.

Cracks in the time of this writer was a word of such emphasis and dignity that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom*. JOHNSON.

This word is used in the old play of *K. John*, 1591, and applied, as here, to ordnance:

"— as harmless and without effect,

"As is the echo of a cannon's crack." MALONE.

² *Doubly redoubled strokes, &c.*] So, in *Richard II.* ACT I:

"And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,

"Fall, &c." STEEVENS.

³ *Or memorize another Golgotha,*] That is, or make another Golgotha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity, with as frequent mention as the first. HEATH.

The word *memorize* (as Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens have shewn) was used by Spenser, Chapman, Drayton, and others, as well as Shakespeare. MALONE.

⁴ [*— and Angus.*] *Angus*, not being addressed, nor speaking in this scene, was rejected by Mr. Steevens as a superfluous character. But it is clear from a subsequent passage, that his entry here was designed; for in scene iii. he again enters with Rosse, and says,

"— *We* are lent

"To give thee from our royal master thanks." MALONE.

⁵ *Who comes here?*] The latter word is here employed as a dissyllable. MALONE.

⁶ [*— So should he look,*

That seems to speak things strange,] i. e. that seems *about* to speak strange things. Our author himself furnishes us with the best comment

Rosse. God save the king !

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane ?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norway banners flout the sky⁵,
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict :
Till that Bellona's bridegroom⁶, lapt in proof,
Confronted him⁷ with self-comparisons⁸,

Point
ment on this passage. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with nearly
the same idea :

" The business of this man looks out of him."

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well* :

" — Her business looks in her

" With an importing visage."

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

" There's business in these faces."

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

" And let your prologue seem to say, &c." MALONE.

The following passage in *the Tempest* seems to afford no unsatisfactory
comment upon this :

" — pr'ythee, say on :

" The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

" A matter from thee."

Again, in *King Richard II* :

" Men judge by the complexion of the sky, &c.

" So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,

" My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say." STEEVENS.

⁵ — flout the sky,] To flout is to mock or insult. The banners
are very poetically described as waving in mockery or defiance of the sky.
So, in *K. Edward III.* 1599 :

" And new replenish'd pendants cuff the air,

" And beat the wind, that for their gaudiness

" Struggles to kiss them." STEEVENS.

So, in *King Jobn* :

" — the air with colours idly spread." MALONE.

⁶ Till that Bellona's bridegroom,] This passage may be added to the
many others, which shew how little Shakspeare knew of ancient my-
thology. HENLEY.

⁷ Confronted him—] By him, in this verse, is meant Norway. The
assistance the thane of Cawdor had given Norway was underhand ;
(which Rosse and Angus, indeed, had discovered, but was unknown to
Macbeth ;) Cawdor being in the court all this while ; as appears from
Angus's

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes inch⁹,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2. *Witch.* Killing swine.

3. *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1. *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

Angus's speech to Macbeth, when he meets him to salute him with the title, and insinuates his crime to be *fining the rebel with hidden help and advantage.* WARBURTON.

⁸ — *with self comparisons,*] i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal. WARBURTON.

⁹ — *Saint Colmes inch,* } *Colmes-inch*, now called *Inchcolm*, a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columba; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, of the *Isle of Columba*. Holinshed thus relates the whole circumstance: "*The Danes that escaped, and got once to their ships, obtained of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine, might be buried in Saint Colmes Inch. In memorie whereof many old sepulchres are yet in the said Inch, there to be seene graven with the armes of the Danes.*" *Inch*, or *Inys* in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island. See *Levy's Archaeologia*. STEVENS.

And

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—*Give me, quoth I:*

*Aroint thee, witch!*¹ the rump-fed ronyon² cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tyger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail³,
And, like a rat without a tail⁴,

I'll

¹ *Aroint thee, witch!* [*Aroint*, or avaunt, begone. POPE.]

In a very old drawing published in Hearne's Collections, St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, *OUT OUT ARONGT*, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. JOHNSON.

Ryse you witch, quoth Bessie Locket to her mother, is a north country proverb. The word is used again in *K. Lear*:

"And *aroint* thee, witch, *aroint* thee." STEEVENS.

² — [*the rump-fed ronyon*—] The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys,² fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others.

COLLEPHER.

So, in *Wit at several Weapons*, by B. and Fletcher:

"A niggard to your commons, that you're fain

"To fix your belly out with shoulder fees,

"With kidneys, *rumps*, and cues of single beer."

In the *Book of Haukyng*, &c. (commonly called the *Book of St. Albans*), bl. l. no date, among the *proper terms used in keepyng of haukes*, it is said, "The hauke tyreth upon *rumps*."

Ronyon, i. e. scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux*; *royer*, scurf. Thus Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, p. 551:

"— her necke

"Withouten bleine, or scabbe, or roine."

Shakspeare uses the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

STEEVENS.

³ — in [*sieve I'll thither sail*,] Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." Again, in *News from Scotland: Declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian, a notable forcerer, who was burned at Edinburgh, Januaria last, 1591, which Doctor was Register to the Devil, that Jandris times preached at North Baricks Kirks, to a number of notorious*

Vol. IV.

T

Witches.

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind*.

1. *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3. *Witch.* And I another.

1. *Witch.* I myself have all the other ;
And the very ports they blow⁶,
All the quarters that they know

I' the

Witches. With the true examinations of the said Doctor and Witches as they uttered them in the presence of the Scottish King. Discovering how they pretended to bewitch and drowne his majestie in the sea comming from Denmark, with other such wonderfull matters as the like hath not bin heard at anie time. Published according to the Scottish copy, Printed for William Wright: "— and that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or clee, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same riddles, or cleeves," &c. Dr. Farmer found the title of this scarce pamphlet in an interleaved copy of *Maunsells Catalogue*, &c. 1595, with additions by Archbishop Harlincot, and Thomas Baker, the Antiquarian. It is almost needless to mention that I have since met with the pamphlet itself. STEVENS.

⁴ *And like a rat without a tail,*] It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times) that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all four-footed creatures. STEVENS.

⁵ *I'll give thee a wind.*] This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to sell them. So, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"— in Ireland and in Denmark both,

" *Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,*

" Which in the corner of a napkin wrap'd,

" Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

Drayton, in his *Mice and Men*, says the same. STEVENS.

⁶ *And the very ports they blow,*] That is, and the very ports they blow to; and so our author would probably have written, had he not been confined by the metre and the rhyme. Mr. Pope changed *ports* to *quart*, which has been adopted, I think, without necessity, by the subsequent editors. The substituted word was first given by Sir William D'Avenant, who in his alteration of this play has retained the old, while at the same time he furnished Mr. Pope with the new, reading:

" I myself have all the other.

" And

I' the shipman's card?⁷
I will drain him dry as hay⁸:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid⁹:

Weary

"And then from every port they blow,
From all the points that seamen know."

Mr. Steevens objects, that "though the Witch from her power over the winds might justly enough say that she had all the *points* and *quarters* from whence they blow, she could not wish any degree of propriety declare that she had the *ports* to which they were directed." I am always sorry to differ from so judicious a commentator; but I own this objection does not appear to me of sufficient weight to induce me to disturb the text. The witch in fact neither possessed the winds nor the ports; though she is supposed to have had *power* over the one, and consequently over the other also; and therefore, I think, she may with as much propriety be said to *have* the *ports*, to or from which the winds blow, as the winds themselves. Whoever can drive a ship into or out of a port, may poetically be said to *have*, or command, the port.

Points probably struck Mr. Pope, because that word seems to correspond more precisely with the following line; but the supposing that Shakespeare always aimed at being *totus teres atque rotundus*, has been, in my apprehension, the source of much error.

I may likewise add that the form of the letter *r*, used in the Mss. of our author's time, is so singular, that it is almost impossible to be mistaken for *i* s. MALONE.

The word *weary* is used here (as in a thousand instances which might be brought) to express the declaration more emphatically. STEEVENS.

7 — [the shipman's card.] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle. STEEVENS.

8 — [drains bay:] So, Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, b. iii. l. 9:

"But he is old and withered as bay." STEEVENS.

9 He shall live a man forbid:] i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction*. So, afterwards in this play:

"By his own interdiction stands accus'd."

So among the Romans, an outlaw's sentence was, *aqua & ignis interdictus*; i. e. he was forbid the use of water and fire, which implied the necessity of banishment. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained *forbid* by *accus'd*, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To *bid* is originally *to pray*, as in this Saxon fragment:

He is þu þu þu but 7 bote, &c.

He is wise that prays and makes amends.

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine¹ :

As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning.

JOHNSON.

[¹ *Shall be dwindle, &c.*] This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees. So Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy king *Duffe* :

"— found one of the witches roasting upon a wooden broch an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person," &c.

"— for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the enchantment, they served to keep him still waking *from sleepe*," &c.

This may serve to explain the foregoing passage :

"Sleep shall neither night nor day,

"Hang upon his penthouse lid." STEEVENS.

Stowe in his *Annals*, 1605, p. 1275, after giving a particular account of the causes of "the strange sickness and death" of Ferdinando Earl of Derby, on the 16th of April 1594, adds "A true report of such reasons and conjectures as caused many learned men to suppose him to be bewitched."

"— The 10th of April about midnight was founde in his bedchamber by one Master Halsall, an image of wax and haire, like unto the haire of his honour's head, twisted through the belly thereof, from the navel to the secrets. This image was spotted, as the same master Halsall reported unto Master Smith, one of his Secretaries, a daie before any pain grew, and spots appeared upon his sides and belly. This image was hastily cast into the fire by Master Halsall, before it was viewed, because he thought, by burning thereof, as he said, he should relieve his lord from *witchcraft*, and burne the witch who so much tormented his lord; but it fell out contrary to his love and affection, for after the melting thereof he more and more declined.

"Sir Edward Felton, who with other Justices examined certaine witches, reporteth, that one of them being bidden to saie the Lord's prayer, said it well, but being conjured, in the name of Jesus, that, if she had bewitched his honour, she should not be able to saie the same, she could never repeat that petition, *Forgive us our trespasses*, no, although it was repeated unto her."

I have transcribed this passage not only as illustrative of the text, but as a specimen of the absurd notions entertained relative to witchcraft, a very few years before *Macbeth* was written. MALONE.

Though

Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toft.²
Look what I have.

2. *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1. *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

3. *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,³
Posters of the sea and land,

² *Though his bark cannot be lost,*

Yet it shall be tempest-toft.] So, in *News from Scotland, &c.* a pamphlet already quoted: "Again it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the *Kinges Majesties shippe*, at his comming *forthe of Denmarke*, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes then being in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the *Kinges Majestie* acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a faire and good winde, then was the wind contrarie and altogether against his Majestie. And further the sayde witch declared, that his Majestie had never come safely from the sea, if his faith had not prevayled above their ententions." To this circumstance perhaps our author's allusion is sufficiently plain. STEEVENS.

³ *The weird sisters, hand in hand,*] The old copy has—*myward*, probably in consequence of the transcriber's being deceived by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The following passage in Bellenden's Translation of *Hector Boethius*, fully supports the emendation: "Be aventure Makbeth and Banquo were passand to Fores, quhair kyng Duncane hapnit to be for y^e tyme, and met be y^e gait thre wemen clothit in airage and uncouth weid. Thay wer jugit be the pe-pill to be *weird sisters*." So also Holinshed.

"*Weird sisters*." (says the Glossarist to Gawin Douglas,) "*Parca*.—It comes certainly from the Anglo-Saxon *pyrd fatum*, *fortuna*, *eventus*. *pyrde* FATE. *PARCA*. *Francisc* Urdi, &c.—And thies again most probably from the B. and Teutonic *maiden*, Anglo-Saxon *peopthen*, &c. *feri*, fore, esse; because fate or destiny must necessarily come to pass." MALONE.

Weird comes from the Anglo-Saxon *pyrd*, and is used as a substantive signifying a prophecy by the translator of *Hector Boethius* in the year 1541, as well as for the *Destinies* by Chaucer and Holinshed. "*Of the weirdis geeyn to Maketh and Banghuo*," is the argument of one of the chapters. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of *Virgil*, calls the *Parca* the *weird sisters*. The other method of spelling was merely a blunder of the transcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

Thus do go about, about ;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine :
Peace !—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores⁴ ?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't ?—Live you ? or are you aught
That man may question ? You seem to understand me.
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips :—You should be women,
And yet your beards⁶ forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can :—What are you ?

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth⁷ ! hail to thee, thane of
Glamis⁸ !

2. *Witch.*

⁴ *How far is't call'd to Fores ?* The king at this time resided at *Fores*, a town in *Murray*, not far from *Inverness*. "It fortun'd, (says Holinshed) as Mackbeth and Banquo journeyed towards *Fores*, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way, without other company, save only themselves, when suddenly in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of the elder world," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*Soriz*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ *That man may question ?* Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful to ask questions ? JOHNSON.

⁶ — *your beards*—] *Witches* were supposed always to have hair on their chins. So, in Decker's *Hung Whore*, 1635 : "—Some women have beards, marry they are half *witches*." STEEVENS.

⁷ *All hail, Macbeth !* It hath lately been repeated from Mr Guthrie's *Essay upon English Tragedy*, that the portrait of Macbeth's *wife* is copied from Buchanan, "whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakspeare : and it had signified nothing to have pored only on Holinshed for *fact*."—"Animus etiam, per se serox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium consiliorum ei erat conscia) stimulabatur."—This is the whole, that Buchanan says of the *lady*, and truly I see no more *spirit* in the Scotch, than in the English chronicler.

2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

chronicler. "The wordes of the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him [to the murder of Duncan], but specially his wife lay fore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinshed is an abridgment of John Bellenden's translation of the *noble clerk, Hector Boece, imprinted at Edinburgh, in fol. 1541*. I will give the passage as it is found there. "His wyfe impacient of lang tary (*as all women ar*) specially quhare they are desirus of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to pursue the thrid weird, yat sehe might be ane queene, calland hym oft tymis febyl coward and nocht desyrus of honouris, sen he durst not assaile the thing with manheid and courage, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of fortune. Howbeit sindry otheris hes assaileit sic thinges afore with maist terribyl jeopardyis, quhen thay had not sic sickernes to succed in the end of thair laubouris as he had." p. 173.

But we can demonstrate, that Shakspeare had not the story from Buchanan. According to him, the weird sisters salute Macbeth: "Una Angustæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, tertia Regem:—Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holinshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakspeare: "The first of them spake and sayde, All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glamis,—the second of them sayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder; but the third sayde, All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter shall be king of Scotland." p. 243.

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawder!

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

Here too our poet found the equivocal predictions, on which his hero so fatally depended: "He had learned of certaine wysards, how that he ought to take neede of Macduffe;—and surely hereupon had he put Macduffe to death, but a certain witch whom he had in great trust, had tolde, that he should neuer be slain with man borne of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunfinane."

p. 244. And the scene between Malcolm and Macduff in the fourth act is almost literally taken from the *Chronicle*. FARMER.

1 — *thane of Glamis*!] The thaneship of Glamis was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore. See a particular description of it in Mr. Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, dated from *Glamis Castle*. STEEVENS.

2 — *thane of Cawdor*!] Dr. Johnson observes in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that part of *Culder castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining. STEEVENS.

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of truth, Are ye fantastical^o, or that indeed Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having¹, and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, And say, which grain will grow, and which will not; Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, Your favours, nor your hate.

1. *Witch.* Hail!

2. *Witch.* Hail!

3. *Witch.* Hail!

1. *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2. *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none: So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1. *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: By Sinel's death², I know, I am thane of Glamis; But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king, Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

^o *Are ye fantastical,*] By *fantastical*, he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination: the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy? JOHNSON.

Shakspeare took the word from Holinshed, who in his account of the witches, says, "This was reputed at first but some vain *fantastical* illusion by Macbeth and Banquo." STEEVENS.

¹ *Of noble having,*] *Having* is estate, possession, fortune. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—— My *having* is not much;

"I'll make division of my present store:

"Hold; there is half my coffer." STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 253, n. c; and Vol. II. p. 316, n. 6. MALONE.

² *By Sinel's death,*] The father of Macbeth. POPE.

You

You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root¹,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE, and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads

¹ — *eats on the insane root*] The *insane root* is the root which makes insane. THEOBALD.

The commentators have given themselves much trouble to ascertain the name of this root, but its name was, I believe, unknown to Shakespeare, as it is to his readers; Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, having probably furnished him with the only knowledge he had of its qualities, without specifying its name. In the Life of Antony, (which our author must have diligently read,) the Roman soldiers, while employed in the Parthian war, are said to have suffered great distress for want of provisions. "In the end (says Plutarch) they were compelled to live of herbs and roots, but they found few of them that men do commonly eat of, and were enforced to taste of them that were never eaten before; among the which there was one that killed them, and made them out of their wits; for he that had once eaten of it, his memory was gone from him, and he knew no manner of thing, but only busied himself in digging and hurling of stones from one place to another, as though it had been a matter of great weight, and to be done with all possible speed." MALONE.

• Shakespeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "You gazed against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have eaten of the roots of hemlock, that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects." STEVENS.

Thy

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend,
 Which should be thine, or his⁴: Silence'd with that⁵,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
 Came post with post⁶; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his fight,
 Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
 For it is thine.

⁴ *His wonders and his praises do contend,*
Which should be thine, or his] i. e. private admiration of your
 deeds, and a desire to do them publick justice by commendation, con-
 tend in his mind for pre-eminence.—Or,—There is a contest in his
 mind whether he should indulge his desire of publishing to the world the
 commendations due to your heroism, or whether he should remain in
 silent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its
 desert. STEEVENS.

⁵ Silence'd *with that*,] i. e. wrapp'd in silent wonder at the deeds
 performed by Macbeth, &c. MALONE.

⁶ — *As thick as tale,*
Came post with post;] That is, posts arrived as fast as they could
 be counted. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. A. II. sc. i:

“ Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,

“ Were brought,” &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*Can post*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's.
 Dr. Johnson's explanation would be less exceptionable, if the old copy
 had—*As quick as tale*. *Thick* applies but ill to *tail*, and seems rather
 to favour Mr. Rowe's emendation, who reads—*As thick as hail*, &c.

“ As thick as hail,” as an anonymous correspondent observes to me,
 is an expression in the old play of *King John*, 1591:

“ ——— breathe out damned orisons,

“ *As thick as hail stones* fore the spring's approach.” MALONE.

Bar.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress me

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whe'r he was combin'd
With those of Norway; 'or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrow'n him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home¹, .

Might

¹ Whe'r he was combin'd.—] Whether in our author's time was sometimes used and written as one syllable, *whe'r*: So, in *King John*:

"Now shame upon you *whe'r* she does or no."

The word *combin'd* is in the old copy placed in the subsequent line. The metre shews that it belongs to the present line. Many inaccuracies of the same kind are found in the only authentick ancient copy of this play. MALONE.

² — trusted home² i. e. carried as far as it will go; suffered to prevail in its utmost extent of argument; confidentially received or admitted home into your bosom. STEEVENS.

The added word *home* shews clearly, in my apprehension, that our author wrote—That *trushted* home. So, in a subsequent scene:

"That every minute of his being *trushts*

"Against my nearest of life."

Trushted is the regular participle from the verb to *trusht*, and though now not often used, was, I believe, common in the time of Shakspeare. So, in *King Henry V*:

"With *casted* slough and fresh legerity."

Home means to the uttermost. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

• "—— all my sorrows

"You have paid *home*."

It may be observed, that "*trushted* home" is an expression used at this day; but "*trusted* home," I believe, was never used at any period whatsoever. I have had frequent occasion to remark that many of the errors